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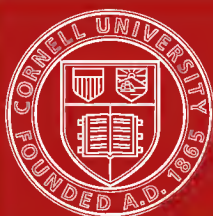


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THE IMMORTALS.

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ARGUMENT .

OF

HON. STEPHEN W. DOWNEY,

OF WYOMING TERRITORY,

IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

TUESDAY, APRIL 13, 1880,

ON

A BILL PROVIDING FOR CERTAIN PAINTINGS ON  
THE WALLS OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

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Phantasmagoria, farewell ! I leave  
Thee now to nurse thy offspring in the beams  
That never fade, and warmth that never chills.



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ARGUMENT  
OF  
HON. STEPHEN W. DOWNEY,  
OF WYOMING TERRITORY,  
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

*Tuesday, April 13, 1880.*

Mr. DOWNEY said :

Mr. SPEAKER: On the 12th day of April, A. D. 1880, I introduced the following bill, namely :

A bill providing for certain paintings on the walls of the National Capitol.

Whereas the people of the United States are a Christian people and firmly believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth ; and in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord ; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary ; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried ; He descended into hell, the third day He rose from the dead : He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty ; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead ; and believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy catholic church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen : Therefore,

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the sum of \$500,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary, be, and the same is hereby, appropriated, out of any funds in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, to be expended under the direction of the Architect of the Capitol, to commemorate in suitable paintings by the great living artists of this century upon the walls of the National Capitol the birth, life, death, and resurrection of our Saviour Jesus Christ, as told in the four gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.*

In support of its provisions I have the honor to offer the following argument, entitled :

THE IMMORTALS.

Dedicated to the Congress of the United States.

"For, go back to the beginning of ages, examine all nations, read the history of kingdoms and empires, listen to those who return from the most distant isles, the immortality of the soul has always been, and still is, the belief of every people on the face of the earth. The knowledge of one God may have been obliterated ; his glory, power, and immensity may have been effaced, as I may say, from the hearts and minds of men ; obstinate and savage nations may still live without worship, religion, or God in this world ; but they all look forward to a future state. Nothing has ever been able to eradicate the opinion of the immortality of the soul ; they

all figure to themselves a region which our souls shall inhabit after death ; and, in forgetting God, they have never discarded the idea of that provision for themselves."—[John-Baptist Massillon.]

Ah ! me, what strange wild fancies crowd the brain  
 Of mortal man, who, wearied with the toil  
 And ceaseless combat of the rolling years,  
 Seeks rest in slumber deep and undisturbed.  
 His mind, transformed, becomes a temple filled  
 With forms intangible, immortal sprites,  
 From chaos rising, back to chaos borne.  
 Unnumbered throngs pass by, nor leave behind  
 A foot-print on the plains of memory.  
 But myriads, eager, clamor to be heard ;  
 And though the brain o'erwearied close the gate  
 And portals of the inner consciousness  
 To bar the phantoms out into the night,  
 Bolts cannot bar nor iron chain them down.  
 Returning swift with strength increased they knock  
 And thunder at the doorways of the soul  
 To gain admission, till they batter down  
 All barriers and rush triumphant in,  
 Bearing the captive Will in fetters bound.  
 The mind, unable longer to resist  
 Or strive for mastery o'er the spells they weave,  
 Follows submissive where their pleasure leads.  
 Lo ! one of radiant form and face divine  
 There stood whose hands the Holy Bible clasped  
 Her brow, like fair Columbia's, broad and full,  
 'Neath which her brown eyes looked in wistful and  
 Intensely earnest tenderness, was bound  
 With fadeless wreaths of shining *immortelles* ;—  
 Not beauty, grandeur, and sublimity  
 Alone illumined and adorned her face ;  
 But mercy, purity, and perfect peace,  
 With deathless love harmoniously blent :—  
 As erst upon Mount Hermon, glory crowned,  
 Our Lord and Saviour Christ was round enwrapp'd  
 With shimmering mantle of supernal light,  
 Transfiguring His form and robes, until  
 His gleaming garments glittered white as snow,  
 And on His face the glow of lightning fixed,  
 While by Him Moses and Elijah stood :  
 So she in aureole of glory shone.  
 Oh ! with what soul-ingulfing ecstasy  
 Rolled forth the story of her pilgrimage.



## PHANTASMAGORIA.

Methought I stood within the court of Jove,  
 On high Olympus, where th' assembled gods  
 Extraordinary council held; for Jove,  
 Supreme upon his golden throne, had sent  
 His mandate by swift-winged Hermes forth  
 That all the gods within th' ambrosial vales  
 Of many-ridged Olympus should attend  
 To hear the Cloud-compeller's will declared.

His sister-wife beside him, white-armed Queen  
 Of Argos, Juno, sat; near by them sat  
 Their son, ferocious Mars, with wrinkled brows;  
 Pallas Minerva, blue-eyed goddess, shield  
 Of warriors, frowning on grim-visaged Mars,  
 Her sandals beautiful, ambrosial, bound  
 With golden bands unto her silver feet,  
 Beside earth-shaking Neptune proudly sat;  
 There Thetis, silver-footed queen, who sailed  
 Like swift-winged falcon from Olympus' heights,  
 "Charged with the glitt'ring arms by Vulcan wrought,"  
 For swift Achilles, Peleus' godlike son;  
 There Rhadamanthus, with the golden hair,  
 From far Elysian fields, stood near the gods;  
 Apollo, leaning on his silver bow,  
 Beside the laughter-loving Venus stood;  
 Here, hunchbacked Vulcan, skilled artificer;  
 There chaste Diana, hearth-stone guardian;  
 There Hebe, with innumerable nymphs  
 And lesser deities, all listening, wait.

Th' Olympian Temple, where the council sat,  
 Bore on its walls the trophies of renown  
 From ancient martial fields of gods and men:  
 Huge sabers, gleaming swords with golden hilts;  
 The massive, ponderous spear of Hercules  
 No human power could wield; th' elaborate shield  
 Which Vulcan wrought for Peleus' godlike son,  
 Upon whose golden disk were deftly graved  
 The scenes of peace and war; mysterious art!  
 A forge-wrought mirror of th' ethereal dome—  
 Metallic picture of terrestrial life—  
 Invulnerable armor 'gainst the foe—  
 The gleaming harbinger of Trojan doom.  
 When by the arrow sped from Paris' bow,  
 Upon the threshold of Apollo's fane,

Prostrate the chieftain, great Achilles, lay,  
 Ulysses strove with Ajax for the shield,  
 And won the prize: for though less strong of arm,  
 Yet wilier in council, he o'ercame  
 The craft of Ajax and bore off the shield.  
 Thence, burning with chagrin at his defeat,  
 Ajax rushed headlong into Hades' gloom.  
 Whereat the gods, enraged, a messenger  
 From high Olympus swift dispatched, to wrest  
 From mortal hands the golden armor wrought  
 By hands immortal. Thus the wondrous shield,  
 Whose stars the blood of noble Hector stained,  
 Was borne up to the temple of the gods.  
 Near by Achilles' armor hung the blade  
 Of King Leonidas, immortalized  
 By blood it drank at famed Thermopylæ.  
 Upon its hilt the *square and compass* flashed  
 In fiery light of costly diamonds set.  
 The brazen buckler called Ancile, dropped  
 By Mars, Rome's guardian deity, into  
 The hands of Numa as a shield against  
 The pestilence, and through the king's decree  
 Elev'n times copied by Mamurius,  
 Was here restored from Rome's decline and fall.  
 The shadow of the Twelve remains on earth,  
 In Numa's circle of revolving months.  
 Upon the left of Jove's imperial throne,  
 In sculpture wrought, I saw Laocoön  
 Writhe in the scaly serpent's hideous folds,  
 And in like torturing grasp, on either side,  
 His sons; their forms cramp'd by the tight'ning gripe,  
 Their visages transfixed with agony.  
 Above them, borne upon gigantic limbs,  
 High as the pillars of the Ephesian Dome,  
 The mammoth steed, by Pallas' art contrived,  
 In length and breadth like some vast oak-ribb'd ship  
 That o'er the billows of th' Atlantic rides,  
 Stood tow'ring like a frowning deity.  
 Immortal artists had adorned the walls  
 With speaking pictures of immortal powers.  
 Above the throne of Jove, by Vulcan wrought  
 In gold and silver, brass and glittering steel,  
 Emblems of Jupiter's almighty power,  
 Hung in relief, the execution of  
 Prometheus' sentence to Caucasian heights;

Immortal power brooked not that he should add  
 To mortal power of man the fire of art,  
 The pelf of forethought from Olympus filched.  
 And higher, reaching to the vaulted dome,  
 Great Saturn's overthrow, by which the gods  
 Won their immortal power through vanquishing  
 Their ancestor, offspring-devouring Time.  
 Great Alexander, on the eastern wall  
 In picture grasped a gleaming thunderbolt.  
 Upon the western wall Diana came  
 Returning laden from the prosperous chase;  
 While fronting Jove appeared historic scenes  
 Of combat on the plains of Ilium,  
 And sage Ulysses' after wanderings.

The Cloud-compeller, from his golden throne,  
 In awe-imposing majesty uprose;  
 His golden breast-plate blazing like the sun,  
 A marvel to behold; in his right hand  
 The forked lightnings for a scepter grasped:  
 His glitt'ring throne creaked with his massive weight,  
 And underneath, the golden pavement shook  
 As if reverberating thunder sound:  
 Then the assembled gods he thus addressed:  
 "From that far distant, nameless orb, whence rolls  
 The great Jehovah's everlasting power,—  
 His who, alone, controls the destinies  
 Of all the gods that on Olympus dwell,  
 And sons of men that toil upon the earth—  
 Thence having just arrived, swift Iris, borne  
 Upon the wings of lightning, brings report  
 Of gath'ring hosts from all the circling worlds  
 That swing their cycles round Jehovah's throne.

Let all the gods in swiftest flight repair  
 Unto that nameless and far-distant orb,  
 And glean whate'er we may of destinies,  
 Foretold unto the swiftly gath'ring hosts  
 Now thither speeding from a myriad worlds.  
 Make ready all save Vulcan who alone  
 On Ida's topmost heights will keep strict ward  
 And watch o'er all th' Olympian boundaries.  
 But ere ye pass the portals of the Hours,  
 Let all the gods allegiant vows renew,  
 And, quaffing cups of sparkling nectar, pledge  
 Eternal fealty to immortal Jove."

## CHORUS.

“Draw closer in th’ Olympian ring—  
Swear by the stars and by their King,  
Swear by the dark infernal river  
To keep thy plighted vow forever.”

The waiting nymphs of Hebe bore to each,  
A golden cup with sweetest nectar brimm’d ;  
Then, drinking each to Saturn’s mighty son,  
Thus swore they all allegiance anew :

“We swear to father Jove eternal love—  
His mandate be our guide, his will our law.”  
The oath was sworn, and then the gods rushed each  
A sky-traversing chariot to prepare.

First Pallas, child of ægis-bearing Jove,  
Within her father’s threshold drew her veil  
Of airy texture, work of her own hands,  
Across her brow, which towered above her eyes  
Like rounded, snow-crowned mountain hanging o’er  
Two deep-blue flashing lakes in vales beneath.  
Her golden sandals, rich, ambrosial, spurned  
The threshold ; o’er her snow-white shoulders flung,  
Her streaming mantle like a comet blazed ;  
And thus accoutered for her upward flight,  
Her fiery car she mounted ; in her hand  
A talisman caught from a thunderbolt  
Hurled by her angry, cloud-compelling sire.

With equal swiftness all the gods prepared.

The temple where th’ Immortals sat in state,  
The wonted clouds obscure from mortal gaze,  
And when in thicker, darker folds are piled  
The low’ring volumes on Olympus’ heights,  
Earth-plodding mortals fear Jove’s wrath, swift to  
Descend in lightning, tempest and in rain.  
The grounds that from the temple’s base extend  
In gentle slopes far down the mountain’s brow  
Were interlaced with many chariot drives,  
’Twixt which grew stately trees whose branches reached  
The azure of the arching dome, and on  
Their leaves, the stars like dew-drops twinkling played.  
Grotesque, gigantic plants bloomed here and there,  
Blood-sprinkled by Minerva till their deep  
Carnation dyes mocked sunset’s flaming hues ;

And from th' ambrosial nectar on them poured  
 By Hebe and her nymphs, their perfume breathed  
 Sweeter than odors from Hesperides.  
 Here, in the scarlet hyacinth, the blood  
 Of Ajax bloomed; and there, black roses from  
 Old Charon's garden on the murky Styx.  
 The birds of Paradise the verdure swept  
 With trailing plumage, sipping nectar from  
 These flowers of wondrous and unfading hues.  
 Among the bloom, white-armed Juno's birds,  
 The gaudy peacocks, spread their brilliant plumes.  
 Swift-footed antelopes were bounding o'er  
 The lawns, and all the air was resonant  
 With warblings of the singing birds. I gazed  
 And listened in this garden of the gods,  
 While all their gorgeous chariots drew without  
 The portals guarded by the Hours; and then  
 I stood expectant and irresolute  
 Alone upon Olympus' airy heights,  
 In admiration gazing on the train.  
 As when some golden serpent, measureless,  
 Just breaking from the fetters of long sleep,  
 Unwinding its gigantic coils, its length  
 Majestic drawing out in swaying curves,  
 Marks out a trailing line of splendor by  
 Its aureate scales illumined by the sun;  
 So from th' Olympian gates the speeding gods,  
 In golden chariots through the azure wheeled  
 By their immortal coursers fleetly drawn,  
 Sailed in a train of splendor through the sky;  
 Great Jove the last, behind whose chariot streamed  
 A trailing quiver of white thunderbolts.

Scarce had he passed the portals of the Hours  
 When by my side a shining angel fell,  
 Who bidding me, Arise and conquer, said:  
 "Phantasmagoria, daughter of the West:  
 I come from those eternal palaces,  
 Where are assembled princes, potentates,  
 And dynasties from every earthly realm;  
 And whether now they live in history—  
 In this revolving temple of the living—  
 Or lie deep buried in oblivion,  
 Yet, far beyond yon gleaming sentinels,  
 That stand as watch-fires in the lower skies,

They hold accustomed espionage upon  
 Those realms where glittered erst their coronets.  
 When God in His eternal council sat,  
 On man's creation pondering, He called  
 Three ministers that wait about His throne  
 Responsive to his call, and to His will  
 Obedient—Justice, Truth, and Mercy; them  
 He thus addressed: 'Shall man created be?'  
 And Justice answered, 'Make him not, O, God,  
 For he will trample on thy holy laws.'  
 Truth answered, 'Make him not, O, God, for he  
 Thy hallowed sanctuaries shall pollute;'  
 But Mercy, dropping on her knees, exclaimed,  
 While looking upward through her falling tears,  
 'Make him, O God, and I will watch o'er him  
 With constant care, through all the darksome paths  
 That he may have to tread.' Then God made man  
 And said to him, 'O, man, thou art the child  
 Of Mercy; go and be thou merciful,'  
 Behold in me the angel Mercy, sent  
 To thee by Him whose love doth follow man  
 Round and around the earth, as ocean tides  
 Roll round careening to th' inconstant moon.  
 I come to tell thee that thou art ordained  
 To make a journey long and perilous;  
 That many deadly dangers shall obstruct  
 Thy way, and strange sights shall thine eyes behold.  
 Firm be thy faith and confidence in God,  
 And he will crown thy flight with victory.  
 I cannot be companion of thy course;  
 For I must keep my watch upon the earth,  
 While thou must seek the orb that far beyond  
 This mortal world, the universe of spheres  
 Concentric by its tensile radii holds.  
 As thou proceedest on thy way, thou shalt  
 Be guided by the light of other days.  
 The seers of ages past shall bear the torch  
 Of wisdom to illuminate the dark  
 Mysterious pathways of thy pilgrimage.  
 With faith in Christ, who died for men, be not  
 Afraid to conquer in Jehovah's name."

Then I, as one that seeks for strength wherewith  
 To triumph over every danger, fell  
 Prostrate upon the earth, and cried aloud,  
 "O, Son of God, whose smile divine doth flood

With holy light the starry worlds that shine  
 And sparkle from afar, be Thou the guide  
 To light my footsteps from this earthly sphere  
 To shining realms of far celestial day.

Let golden showers at thy command,  
 Sparks flung from great Jehovah's hand,  
 Make luminous the blue ethereal dome,  
 And circling spheres around the Great White Throne."

Lo! a thick shining cloud upon me fell,  
 Born of Mnemosyne, from heights and vales  
 Of Helicon borne by swift-speeding winds,  
 Its magic heavy-laden depths with fleet  
 Returning memories teemed, with fragrant flowers  
 Of poetry, of choral dance, and song,  
 Of fertile fancies, eloquence and love.  
 But native to the heights and flow'ry vales  
 Of sunny Helicon, when to the high,  
 Cold, thinner air of Mount Olympus borne,  
 The magic mist was suddenly condensed ;—  
 Its elements became articulate ;—  
 The driving wind became twelve magic steeds ;—  
 The fertile fancies rolled four silv'ry wheels  
 Soft as the summer moonshine in the west ;—  
 The flow'ry garlands to a chariot turned  
 Which bore me onward in the train of gods ;  
 While for the viewless memories which ride  
 On rolling fancies of the laboring mind,  
 The Virgin Nine within the chariot rode,—  
 Great Jove's fair daughters by Mnemosyne :  
 Calliope, Muse of the classic brow ;  
 Then Clio, of the past, famed chronicler ;  
 Euterpe, sweet-voiced maid, with sounding shell ;  
 Melpomene, Muse of the tragic stage ;  
 Terpsichore, gay muse of twinkling feet ;  
 The love-lorn Erato, whose tender notes  
 E'er thrill with rapture earth-born maidens' breasts,  
 Who lit the torch of Hero to illumine  
 The waves dark-rolling in the Hellespont,  
 When from Abydos bold Leander swam  
 To Sestos nightly, guided by her torch  
 Held o'er the deep, to woo him to her arms ;  
 Polymnia, sacred Muse, whose lofty strains  
 Roll praises toward the sky-enthroned stars,  
 Where the far-seeing Muse, Urania,

Marks out their orbits through the trackless void ;  
 Last came Thalia, mirth-provoking Muse,  
 With quips and cranks, and laughter-wreathing wiles,  
 Who caught the reins of fancy in her hands,  
 To drive the fairy steeds upon the course  
 Marked out by wise Urania through the sky.  
 The winged steeds, swift as the flight of thought,  
 O'ertook Jove's thunder-trailing chariot,  
 And joined th' immortal sky-traversing train.

Now, ere the rolling chariot wheels had passed  
 Th' Olympian portals, Juno, white-arm'd queen,  
 Did challenge Pallas, blue-eyed goddess, to  
 A trial of their flying coursers' speed ;  
 And that her own immortal steeds should first,  
 On bounding hoofs, the distant orb attain,  
 A cluster of her golden apples, from  
 The famed Hesperides, for wager laid  
 Against Minerva's dazzling sash, wov'n by  
 Th' adroitness of her own immortal hands  
 From out the golden fleece of Colchis, gemm'd  
 And brodered o'er with golden olives fair,  
 With massive clasp of gold, inlaid with pearl.  
 This wager blue-eyed Pallas did accept,  
 And called on all the gods to witness the  
 Immortal race 'twixt Juno and herself.

Entrancing scene! No mortal tongue could tell  
 The dazzling wonders which our flight revealed.  
 Far off I saw, with its Elysian bowers,  
 The famous garden of Hesperides,  
 Where crystal streams and flowing fountains spring ;  
 Where loaded vineyards, orchards, beauteous vales,  
 And bounteous Terra's golden apple-trees.  
 A temple built of wine-tinged amethyst  
 To Bacchus 'mid the teeming vineyards rose.  
 The lofty walls were bathed in mellow hues,  
 That, blending, merged in softest harmony.  
 From open windows magic music flowed,  
 And hung entrancing in the fragrant air—  
 A siren voice in lays melodious sang  
 Of endless rest, of idleness, and ease.  
 Cool shades and grottoes, 'mid exotic bloom,  
 Exhaling Lethæan odors on the air.  
 Delightful walk, sequestered nook, with rich,



Luxurious couch to tempt the weary limbs,  
 In lavish affluence 'round the temple lay.  
 Within the temple Bacchus reigns in state,  
 Where, 'mid unceasing revelry, his priests  
 On devotees and willing victims pour  
 Profuse libations of the ruby wine  
 In sacrificial worship of their god.  
 A statue of pure gold, to Mammon raised,  
 Stood central 'mid the golden apple-trees,  
 Colossal as the Syhynx of Egypt. In  
 The statue's hand a gleaming two-edged sword,  
 As mighty as the brand Excalibar  
 King Arthur wrested from the haunted mere.  
 They who would pluck the golden apples must  
 Submissive bow before the flashing sword.

Far upward, boundless, endless, and sublime,  
 The Milky Way stretched misty through the sky—  
 That thoroughfare where anciently the gods  
 Rode in their thundering chariots through the heavens;  
 Th' immortal coursers bounded on their way  
 Like long imprisoned warriors set free.  
 Inertia's viewless bands which bind unto  
 The ceaseless motion of the rolling earth,  
 The air, the clouds, and the swift-winged birds,  
 No longer held us in their ancient toils.  
 Earth's surface like a panorama passed  
 Beneath us, fast receding as it sped;  
 And in the curv'd arch of the azure east  
 Sank forests, mountains, lakes, and flowing streams.  
 The temples of the gods, half veiled in clouds,  
 On viewless chords suspended from on high,  
 Midway betwixt Olympus and the stars,  
 In long majestic curves vibrating swung,  
 As if in doubt whether to follow earth  
 Or like their tenants cleave unto the sky.  
 The temples, towers, and lofty monuments  
 By man's ambitious genius upreared,  
 Approaching the blue arch, seemed prostrate laid,  
 And, quiv'ring for a moment on the brink,  
 Sank headlong in the depths: while in the west,  
 From forth the curve that joined the earth and sky,  
 New forests, mountains, lakes, and flowing streams,  
 New cities, temples, towers, and domes uprose,  
 To pass like marshaled hosts in swift review.

Distance, soon o'er the fast-receding globe,  
 A rainbow colored mantle drew; then in  
 A shroud of cloud the land and sea were lost.

As through the crystal heights we sped, in that  
 Immortal race to reach the central orb,  
 In fragmentary song the Virgin Nine  
 Thus breathed the spirit of their favorite themes:

## CALLIOPE.

As the moon sheds the light of the sun in the night,  
 When rosy Eve covers him under the wave,  
 So the epic songs flame with the light of the fame  
 Of heroes that sleep in the gloom of the grave.

## CLIO.

While we ride through the æther liquescent,  
 Let us sing, by the light of the stars,  
 Of the heroes whose fame efflorescent  
 Shines forth through their manifold scars.

## EUTERPE.

Our chariot is rolling along o'er the strings,  
 To the lyre of the universe strung;  
 And the thrilling vibrations drop down from the wings  
 Of the zephyrs in fragments of song.

## TERPSICHORE.

The twinkling stars are dancing to the time  
 Of harmonies now throbbing on our ears;  
 In rhyming orbits swinging to the chime  
 Of symphonies vibrating through the spheres.

## MELPOMENE.

The clouds before us like a curtain rise;  
 The actors gather on the stage beyond;  
 The play shall be the nations' destinies;  
 The hero, he who wields the conqueror's wand.

## ERATO.

See how beautiful the moon's soft splendor  
 On that tow'ring mount of low'ring cloud:  
 So shall tender love with soft touch render  
 Bright the heart, erst lone and darkly proud.

## POLYMNIA.

Earth-born passion, like the flash on  
 Starry night by meteor hurled,  
 Cannot light the darkling world

Through the gloom when doom shall crash on  
 Crumbling spheres in chaos whirled.  
 Heavenly love, like fixed stars ever  
 Blazing with unfading light—  
 In the darkness waning never—  
 Can alone illumine the river  
 Roaring to the realms of night.

## URANIA.

The dome is like a charted scroll;  
 I trace upon its face  
 The paths of myriad worlds that roll  
 Through universal space.

## THALIA.

My sisters sing in strains profound  
 Of all the universe around;  
 Their favorite themes they all prolong  
 Until I weary of the song.  
 While flying from the cloudy earth,  
 Ring merry glees and songs of mirth.

## PHANTASMAGORIA.

From these fragmentary shadows  
 Of the green and fertile meadows,  
 Where the feet of memory stray,  
 And untrammelled fancies play,  
 Which the muses from their singing  
 On the ambient air were flinging  
 Something of their inspiration,  
 Breathing of our destination,  
 Dawned upon my wakening soul.  
 Then the mists of doubt that bound me,  
 In their breath dissolving 'round me,  
 Cleared our pathway to the shining goal.

We swept far up the Milky Way, and saw  
 Great constellations and abysmal worlds;  
 And stalking on their confines, phantoms gray,  
 Like mortal sentries to immortal ghouls  
 Transformed, doomed to eternal vigilance  
 Upon the ramparts of the rolling spheres.  
 Far as our gaze extended we beheld,  
 In number countless as the glitt'ring stars,  
 Swift-flying chariots speeding onward toward  
 The nameless and far distant orb, as if

The myriad worlds were sending heralds forth  
 T' attend the council ecumenical  
 Called by Supreme Omnipotence to sit  
 Within that distant central orb. Far up  
 Above us, traversing the azure sky,  
 A flaming chariot rolled, drawn by twelve steeds  
 Of fire, on golden plumage swiftly borne,  
 Whose eyes, though full of woman's tenderness,  
 Yet with the valor of the lion flamed ;  
 Their shining manes streamed aft like flowing gold ;  
 Their hoofs of silver bounding on their way  
 Bright as the gleaming moons of Jupiter  
 In clangor echoed through the boundless air,  
 As echoed erst the dark-gray charger's hoofs  
 When, riderless from slain Mamilius,

"Through many a startled hamlet  
 Thundered his flying feet,"

Bearing dismay to wounded Tusculum.  
 With nostrils wide distended, flashing eyes,  
 And speed of Jove's far-darting thunderbolts,  
 They marked a trail of splendor through the sky,  
 And from the chariot's circling wheels flashed showers  
 Of glimmering sparks, like falling stars dethroned.  
 Th' avenger of Mount Carmel rode within  
 Th' empyrean car, and, sitting by his side,  
*A chieftain loved.*

His deeds—his worthy deeds alone—  
 Have rendered him immortal—  
 Eternal as the rolling sun,  
 That shines a thousand worlds upon,  
 And when the day of life is done  
 Illuminates Death's portal.

Resplendent round their forms  
 Played lambent flames, while twelve angels of light  
 Were hov'ring o'er the bounding fiery steeds,  
 And bands of cherubim and seraphim  
 On gorgeous floating clouds were marshaled by  
 The Archangel Azraël, attending hosts,  
 Upon the flaming chariot.

As erst

"The chariot of paternal Deity  
 Flashing thick flames," whereon the son of God,  
 "In sapphire throned," rolled on and headlong drove,  
 At great Jehovah's awful mandate, o'er

The crystal walls of heaven the angels who  
 Upreared the standard of rebellion : so  
 The radiant chariot of Elijah flew  
 Far through the crystalline empyrean.

Behind us far Achilles' radiant car  
 Came thund'ring, with the invulnerable chief,  
 And by his side the famed Patroclus rode.  
 Xanthus and Balius, the immortal steeds,  
 That erst, in mortal strife, thrice round the walls  
 Of Troy had dragged the fated Hector slain,  
 On bounding hoofs of hard cerulean steel,  
 Were swiftly clamb'ring up the ambient sky.  
 A princely pair behind the chariot rode,  
 The great Twin Brethren, who the Roman hosts  
 Led at the battle of Regillus Lake.

"So like they were, no mortal  
 Might one from other know :  
 White as snow their armour was ;  
 Their steeds were white as snow.

"Never on earthly anvil  
 Did such rare armour gleam ;  
 And never did such gallant steeds  
 Drink of an earthly stream."

Above us far the racing chariots  
 Of Juno and Minerva onward swept  
 In swiftest flight, by fleet steeds side by side  
 Drawn near and nearer to the distant goal.  
 Juno with whip of scorpions lashed her steeds  
 To pass blue-eyed Minerva's flying car ;  
 And Pallas plied the talisman, caught from  
 Jove's thunderbolt, her flying coursers' speed  
 To urge, Queen Juno's golden fruit to win.  
 While yet we watched their flight in matchless race,  
 Upon the way o'er which their chariots rolled,  
 The wandering Pleiad, lost from out the train,  
 Came swiftly rushing through the trackless void.  
 As when a blazing comet in its course  
 Doth threaten swift destruction to the orbs  
 Whose revolutions swing them in its path,  
 So did the wand'ring Pleiad menace now  
 The racing chariots of th' immortal gods.  
 The queen of Argos, stag-eyed Juno, quailed  
 Before the threat'ning orb, and fled the track

To let it pass. Not so Minerva, shield  
 Of warriors. On she sped and meanwhile prayed  
 "O, Father Jove, thy doubly daughter aid."  
 The Cloud compeller heard Tritonia's cries,  
 And hurling forward a swift thunderbolt,  
 Struck midway on its front the wand'ring orb,  
 Which cleft in twain let bold Minerva drive  
 Her flying steeds straight onward toward the goal.  
 The sky grew dark as with a gath'ring storm,  
 When, from its gloomy caverns, thunder-riv'n,  
 The orbless star sent forth with whirlwind sound  
 Legions of winged fiends, and giant birds,  
 Whose arrow-pointed plumage sped like darts,  
 Whose piercing howls, surpassing deep Hell's shrieks,  
 Thrilled through the darkened air to terrify  
 With horrid din the goddess in her flight;  
 But scathless, nothing daunted, boldly rode  
 Minerva, whom nor thunderbolts, nor fiends  
 Thrice armed and winged with Terror's darts, could bruise.  
 Like some dark cyclone which at midnight sweeps  
 Destruction o'er a land or city doomed,  
 So did the breath of Pallas, blue-eyed queen,  
 Resistless as Niagara's strong flood,  
 All-grasping as Charybdis' howling whirl,  
 Send into Hades' gloomy depths the host  
 Infernal by Jove's thunderbolt released.  
 One vampire of colossal stature, huge  
 As Mars when prostrate by Minerva laid  
 On Illium's plains, sev'n acres covering,  
 Clung to her golden chariot with his claws,  
 And at the irate goddess taunting gibed.  
 She seized the hideous fiend, and poisoning him  
 High in the air, him headlong hurled against  
 The thunder-riven Pleiad's jagged rocks,  
 Whence swift rebounding, torn and mangled, down  
 He sunk into the gaping jaws of Hell.  
 Then Pallas, cheering her immortal steeds,  
 While from her scathless brow white thunderbolts  
 Glanced harmless, blazing round her awful form,  
 With gleaming splendor lumining the gorge,  
 Triumphant onward through the cleft orb swept;  
 Then waved her golden sash above her head  
 To tantalize Queen Juno's envious eyes.  
 She, following far behind, in fury lashed  
 Her bounding steeds (as once in wrath she scourged

Diana, fair Latona's daughter, in  
 The battle of the gods, and made her flee  
 In terror to her father, Jupiter,  
 Upon th' Olympian Heights) now all on fire  
 To come ere Pallas, to the orb which lay  
 Beyond the dancing meteors of the night.

Like fleecy clondlet driv'n before the blast,  
 Swift flying yonder sped the floating Isle  
 Of Delos, covered o'er with golden flowers,  
 Where first Apollo sprang to light of day,  
 And chaste Diana, Jove-begot, was born.  
 Saint Ursula there crowned with garlands fair  
 Of fadeless amaranth, fair Eden's bloom,  
 With virgin band eleven thousand strong,  
 All chanted praises in that hymn sublime  
 "O, all ye works of His, bless ye the Lord,  
 Praise Him and magnify Him evermore,  
 Ye angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord,  
 Praise Him and magnify Him evermore."  
 That floating isle, where once Olympian gods  
 Reigned magnates in their undisputed sway,  
 Jove saw and sighed, as 'twere a picture of  
 The world wherein mythology had been  
 Subverted by the conquering faith in Christ.  
 Upon the coast rode Ursula's triremes,  
 Whose streaming pennons bore the Blood Red Cross;  
 Whose mariners divine commission bore  
 To sail the azure depths at will, alone  
 Subjected to Saint Ursula's behest.

Next far Alcyone, that distant orb  
 Which Maedler for the rolling universe  
 Fixed as the pivot, central, ultimate,  
 Round which all planetary spheres revolve,  
 Our gaze attracted. Nearer grown, and like  
 A blazing sun in volume now it seemed.  
 Great Jupiter beheld, and "Lo," he said:  
 "Yon sunbright sphere toward which our pathway tends!  
 Can that be Iris' distant central orb  
 Where reigns Jehovah on his awful throne,  
 And whither now from all the universe  
 The rolling chariots bear th' assembling throng?"  
 And as he spoke my eyes glanced searching o'er  
 The boundless plains and avenues of space,

Till in the shoreless sea of azure, sight  
 Was lost where finite joins the infinite.  
 E'en as I gazed Aleyone was passed,  
 And fast receding, dwindled to a star  
 Far in the traversed realms of space behind ;  
 So rapid now our swift increasing flight.  
 Still Jove seemed many things revolving in  
 His mind, and murmured of the Magi led  
 To Bethlehem when they had "seen His star."  
 Then turning he exclaimed, "Shall not that star  
 Which lit Jehovah's incarnation be  
 The scene for revelation of His great  
 Designs ?"

A sudden zone of darkness crossed  
 Our path, embracing races strange and worlds  
 Unknown. Here reining up our flying steeds  
 We paused. Below us far the glancing lights  
 Of ghostly cities twinkled. Giant shades  
 Colossal as the Cyclops walked the streets—  
 While yet we paused, the chariots of the Hours  
 Drawn by their rainbow-winged steeds swept by  
 Us like a whirlwind : Demogorgon sat  
 In one ; Promethens in another rode.

"In each there stood a wild-eyed charioteer  
 Urging the rainbow-winged courser's speed ;  
 Their bright locks, streaming on ethereal gales,  
 Trailed like a rushing comet's yellow hair."

Behind them, seated on his pale horse, Death  
 Rode from the darkened zone, in swift pursuit  
 After the rainbow-winged steeds that drew  
 The chariot of the Hours ; and henceforth like  
 A ghost his shadow hovered by our side.  
 Strange horrors seized me, waking fears appalled,  
 As multitudes of spirits 'round me thronged ;  
 Like withered leaves whirled by the autumn blast,  
 Their drifting forms in rustling robes rushed by  
 Driv'n by the viewless breath of Destiny,  
 Their voices echoing in the gloomy air :  
 Unearthly apparitions came and went ;  
 Ill-visaged, mocking demons shocked my sight,  
 And foul, insatiate harpies flapped their wings,  
 And with their blood-shot eyes, their horrid beaks  
 And crooked talons, menaced me. Teeth gnashed,  
 Flesh quivered, howling voices shrieked, until



I shrunk in terror from these hellish shades ;  
 " Then what is life ? " I cried in agony.  
 From out the darkness which around us rolled,  
 We heard the everlasting spirits cry.

## FIRST SPIRIT.

The earth rolls ever 'mid the clouds ;  
 Upon its face men grope in gloom ;  
 After spring garlands, snowy shrouds,  
 After the bloom of youth, the tomb.

## SECOND SPIRIT.

Life has two natures ; one that *seems*,  
 Transient, like images ideal  
 Born on the fertile plains of dreams ;  
 And one that *is*, unfading, real.  
 The life that *is*, springing from forth  
 The radiance of light supernal,  
 Casts only on the cloudy earth  
 A shadow of its form eternal.

## THIRD SPIRIT.

Worlds unnumbered roll forever  
 Through immeasurable space :  
 Though their axes shake and quiver,  
 Clashing in their orbits never.  
 What unchanging, viewless trace,  
 Doth their swinging cycles render  
 Swerveless in their gleaming splendor ?

## FOURTH SPIRIT.

The chords of great Jehovah's love extend  
 From His imperishable throne afar,  
 And to their everlasting orbits bend  
 All worlds,—sun, satellite, and glittering star.  
 What beings people the remotest world,  
 Bask in Jehovah's smile, pale at his frown,  
 And, when his wrathful banner is unfurled,  
 Like withered leaves into the dust go down.

## FIFTH SPIRIT.

Every planet has its angels  
 Bearing to the wounded balm ;  
 After battle their evangel  
 Whisper of the crown and palm.  
 Golden be their joys and treasures,  
 Sunshine brighten every home,  
 Starlight gild each evening's pleasures,

While these orbs through ether roam;  
 For shall come a peal of wondrous  
 Clangor, crashing on the ears,  
 When Azrael sounds his thundrous  
 Summons to the crumbling spheres.  
 In their orbits palsied, darkling,  
 Universal worlds shall stand;  
 Quenched their gleaming and their sparkling  
 By Jehovah's awful hand.

When over the desolate fields of the dead  
 Death's angels their hovering pinions shall spread,  
 The stars shall be wrapp'd like a corse in their shrouds,  
 And the universe sleep in its mantle of clonds.

## SIXTH SPIRIT.

After darkness the reflection  
 Of returning dawn upsprings;  
 After death, the resurrection,  
 Flying on triumphant wings.

Lo! the blast of Gabriel pealing  
 Through Death's universe, unsealing  
 Bonds and fetters of th' unnumbered  
 Hosts that long in dust have slumbered.  
 Then the substance of Life's shadow,  
 Rising from each moor and meadow,  
 From beneath each bubbling fountain,  
 From the bleak and barren mountain,  
 From the once thronged, busy highway,  
 From each dark and lurking by-way,  
 From the forest and the lea,  
 From the desert and the sea,  
 Shall go forth, arrayed in vernal  
 Bloom and grace of life eternal.

Then over the fields of the waking dead  
 In triumph the feet of immortals shall tread;  
 And the stars all rekindled with immortal fire  
 Shall sweep in their course to a destiny higher.

## SEVENTH SPIRIT.

The Earth rolls ransomed from its clouds;  
 Upon its fields of shining green  
 Men, walking in transfigured shrouds,  
 Reborn immaculate, are seen.  
 No dying groan, no widow's moan;

No clash of hostile spear or sword ;  
 The King of Kings is on His throne—  
 Our Saviour, Christ, the sov'reign Lord.

PHANTASMAGORIA.

Weary of the seen ideal—  
 Burning for the unseen real—  
 Yearning for the light to render  
 Visible the paths of splendor,  
     Where the feet of Wisdom tread—  
 I will fly to yon bright mountain ;  
 I will drink of Faith's pure fountain ;  
     By its inspiration led.  
 Through this glamour and delusion—  
 From this clamorous confusion  
 Let me gain the shining portals  
 To the realms of the immortals.

Worlds, cities, apparitions vanished all  
 Like wreaths of cloud merged in the darkened zone,  
 On depths below our vision fell, and in  
 The blackening profound, great Dante's Hell  
 Yawned low'rmost in the bottomless abyss.  
 Nine times around the murky vortex rolled  
 The sluggish Styx, while countless affluents  
 Branched through the measureless profound below.  
 Gray-bearded Charon in his ferry-boat  
 Upon the pitchy waves was ferrying  
 Innumerable throngs of lost and damn'd  
 From many worlds to Pluto's shady realms.  
 Upon the sombre portal's arch I saw  
 The immortal lines by Dante's genius carved :

'Through me you pass into the city of woe;  
 Through me you pass into eternal pain ;  
 Through me among the people lost for ay.  
 Justice, the founder of my fabric, moved :  
 To rear me was the task of power divine,  
 Supreme wisdom, and primeval love.  
 Before me things create were none, save things  
 Eternal, and eternal I endure,  
 All hope abandon ye who enter here.'

Close on the verge of Hell's confines, behold  
 "A fiery globe of angels on full sail  
 "Of wing;" the band that came and ministered  
 Unto our Saviour after Satan fled

From vainly tempting him upon the mount:  
 And now at Christ's command, around Hell's verge  
 They do forever wing their way, ablaze  
 With glory, in celestial harmonies  
 Praising the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 That Satan, hearing, may remember what  
 Is writ, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."  
 The Cloud-compeller, gazing down the abyss,  
 Sought Satan, lord of Hell, upon his throne,  
 Which wrapt in densest smoke was hidden from  
 The immortal gaze of Jove's far-seeing eyes;  
 As if the arch-fiend some wily deep laid scheme  
 'Gainst mortal man and the immortal gode  
 Were plotting in the impenetrable gloom.  
 The brow of Jove then gathered in a frown,  
 And from his flaming red right hand he hurled  
 A thunderbolt down crashing through the depths  
 Of Satan's dark dominions, driving hence  
 The veil of cloud obscuring Satan's wiles,  
 And on his black throne laying bare to view  
 The reigning monarch of Hell's lurid realm.  
 The bolt crashed midway on the ebon throne  
 And lighted all the hollow of the vast  
 Recess, by its ten thousand fragments strewn.  
 Reclining like a huge leviathan  
 The thunderbolt disclosed the reigning fiend:  
 But startled by the sudden crash, he rose  
 And 'bove the apostate angels darkly towered  
 As Belus towered above the waters of  
 The Enphrates, or Gibraltar's fortress rock  
 Above the narrow sea that laves its base.  
 His fiendish legions by Beëlzebub  
 And Moloch marshaled, trembled as in dread  
 Before the flashing thunderbolt of Jove,  
 As trembled Pluto when the Ocean-god,  
 Earth-shaking Neptune, shook the boundless earth  
 And ocean wide.  
 Like dwellers in that orb most distant from  
 The sun—the fabled Apollonia—  
 Who far surpassed all children of the earth  
 In godlike beauty, godlike intellect,  
 In science, and in cultivated art;  
 Yet on their faces, ever fixed, the glare  
 Of painful, rayless, measureless despair.  
 From Lucifer's black throne

Hell's flaunting banners waved, emblazoned with  
 The scene of many a conquest on their folds,  
 Won by the legions of Beëlzebub,  
 Triumphant on Hell's central banner glared  
 The loss of Paradise, where beauteous Eve,  
 In pristine loveliness, fresh from the mould  
 Of perfectness of feature and of form,  
 Reached forth to pluck and eat forbidden fruit ;  
 The tempting serpent near with forked tongue,  
 With fixed, unwandering eyes, and ceaseless hiss,  
 Incarnate fiend, swung like a pendulum,  
 To sway and vibrate on the tree, and time  
 Man's fall—Death's introduction in the world.

As when the conflagration, that walks forth  
 In sootheless, raging fury to despoil  
 The doomed, devoted city, wraps his long,  
 Red, flame-fringed arms about the crackling walls,  
 The roofs, the lofty steeples and the domes,  
 In hot, fierce, eager, passionate embrace,  
 And to his blazing bosom madly holds  
 His yielding victim ; gathering strength anew  
 From out the very whirlwind of his rage,  
 E'en Lucifer, convulsed with rage supreme  
 And horrid to behold, did wrathful grasp  
 The fractured thunderbolt down hurled by Jove,  
 And high above his triple-head, the fiend  
 Round and around the vivid lightning swung,  
 Until it glowed like Saturn's blazing rings,  
 Then hurled it back at cloud-compelling Jove,  
 Who, predivining Lucifer's intent,  
 Down simultaneous hurled a second bolt.  
 These meeting midway in the dark abyss,  
 Like mines exploded, lighting all the depths ;  
 As when from old Vesuvius, belching flames  
 Illumed Pompeii's doom-night on the plains.  
 About the shield of Dis the lightning broke,  
 And all the plains of Hell made visible.

Behold, at intervals oases fair,  
 And cooling springs, where fragrant flowers bloomed ;  
 These were the footsteps of the crucified  
 Redeemer who "descended into Hell,"  
 Attended by th' archangels, Raphaël  
 And Michael, who, at His divine command,  
 In aftertime returning to Hell's depths,

Bore from the fiery flood the terrified  
 And weeping Margaret, while following  
 The tracks of Mephistopheles through all  
 The howling and the clattering of Hell,  
 In search of oath-bound Faust, eternal doomed  
 To wander ever in eternal woes.  
 Redeeming Love, omnipotent forbade  
 That her hell-luring, deathless love bereft  
 Of guardian angels and their care, should fix  
 Her doom in everlasting floods of flame.  
 The blazing eyes of lost, infernal hosts,  
 Like Tantalus, gazed longing on the bloom  
 Celestial springing from Plutonian plains  
 Wherever Christ and His archangels trod.  
 The cooling springs perpetual mocked their cracked  
 And parched throats, and forced infernal shrieks,  
 As they raged to and fro with madd'ning leaps  
 To break the fetters binding them to pain  
 Of fiery woe and quenchless thirst, in sight  
 Of cooling springs and fragrant vernal bloom.

Dis' brazen shield, round as the full-orbed moon,  
 Of massive weight and vast circumference,  
 Upon each field a Gorgon head engraved,  
 Colossal as the Sphynx and horrid to  
 Behold, encircled round by hellish charms,  
 Flashed in the thunder white, as flashed of old  
 God-like Achilles' shield when long-haired Greek  
 Rejoiced, and fated sons of Troy bewailed  
 Brave Hector, chief Priamides, laid low ;  
 For Dis, in dread of Jove's white thunderbolts,  
 Had grasped his ample shield to guard against  
 The wrathful Cloud-compeller's direful shafts.  
 From out th' abyss these echoes floated up,  
 Borne on the pinions of the Hell-born wind :

“What to me are the evangels  
 Of the white-winged singing angels  
 On our revels shadows casting  
 From their pinions everlasting ?  
 What care I for the harmonic  
 Grandeurs rolling in the tonic  
 Chords of music round the Throne ?”

Thence leaving Satan 'mid th' infernal imps,  
 We onward sped to gain the distant orb,

Enveloped by impenetrable clouds,  
 Which Jove about us like a mantle threw.  
 Past suns and stars, through ether blue; past zones  
 Of brilliant asteroids, empurpled clouds,  
 Whereon great bands of angels rode and sung  
 The wondrous mysteries of the triune God;  
 Past dancing meteors flashing through the night;  
 Past sparkling planets with their silvery moons;  
 Past blazing comets trailing crystal skies,  
 Until we reached an all-controlling sphere,  
 Where life wore beauty passingly sublime,  
 The one great center, energizing soul,  
 Inspiring, moving all created worlds.

O, orb supernal, where eternal dwell  
 Angels of light, make eloquent my tongue,  
 Thy glorious marvels worthily to tell.

Methought the very pinnacle was reached  
 Of all existence, whence all radiate lines  
 From that one universal center shot  
 Downward far through illimitable space,  
 Ethereal center of translucent sphere;  
 That sphere the universe; and standing there  
 We gazed adown the radii, and saw,  
 In intertwining orbits circling round,  
 Millions of worlds harmoniously roll:  
 The sun hung in the doorways of the west  
 Pale as the moon. His borrowed radiance shed  
 No lustre on that native fount of light.

Juno and Pallas, with their panting steeds  
 And smoking chariots, waited our approach.  
 The golden apples which the goddess Earth,  
 From her famed garden in Hesperides,  
 Bestowed on Juno when she wedded Jove,  
 Adorned the breast-plate of Minerva's belt;  
 For she had triumphed in th' immortal race.  
 Here all the gods reined in their steeds, which, loosed,  
 They bade upon ambrosial forage graze  
 Within celestial gardens fresh and green.  
 Then Jove, in glowing admiration o'er  
 The landscape gazing, said, this is, indeed,  
 Jehovah's golden "STAR of BETHLEHEM."

We trod upon a pavement of bright gold,  
 And mingled with a mighty throng that moved

With cadenced step along the golden street—  
 Adducent to a shining temple, far  
 Surpassing in its grand magnificence  
 All other temples, towers, and lofty domes.  
 Upon the temple's lofty walls was carved  
 In Hebrew character, embossed with fire,

“Lift up thy head and be thou strong in trust;  
 For that which hither from the mortal world  
 Arriveth must be ripened in our beam.”

Our onward march soon brought us to its doors.  
 I stood within its alabaster walls:  
 With fearful, trembling ecstasy I gazed  
 Around that mighty amphitheater.  
 My narrow vision scarce could grasp the maze  
 Of aisles and far-receding corridors.  
 The walls were lined with burnished diamond plates,  
 And on their face, in panoramic scenes,  
 Rolled pantomimic history of worlds.  
 A mellow lustre, native to the air,  
 Illumed the hollow of the vast recess,  
 And with imponderable touches lit  
 The alcoves, niches, and the arching dome,  
 The vaulted roof, sustained by golden piers,  
 Receding like the far-off canopy,  
 Was fretted o'er by scintillating gems,  
 Condensed and wrought from light original,  
 Whose glitt'ring shamed the stars that hang o'er earth,  
 As daylight doth a sickly taper's glare.  
 A massive chain, hung from the loftiest point,  
 Suspended an immense chronometer—  
 Timekeeper of eternity! 'Twas called  
 THE WATCH OF AGES! On its dial plate,  
 In characters of light unchangeable,  
 I read the seconds, minutes, hours, months, years,  
 And centuries, which far adown the dim  
 And shadowy vista of the past have rolled;  
 The hollow spiral chain, link after link,  
 Showed Rome, Greece, Carthage and Assyria.  
 My utmost stretch of vision Eden reached:  
 What lay beyond a cloudy veil obscured.  
 Its mighty hands *remarked* the flight of time;  
 Its pendulum with ceaseless motion swung,  
 As if hung up to time and regulate  
 The mighty enginery that animates



And wheels the planetary orbs throughout  
The boundless realms of universal space.

Millions of people were assembled there,  
In costumes common to all lands and climes;  
Fair ladies sat beside gay cavaliers,  
Displaying fashions of each century  
Since first the myriad worlds began their march.  
I heard all tongues that Babel's tower confused,  
Yet comprehensible as household words;  
All seemed to hear and understand them well,  
And I, whatever were the words addressed,  
Heard and responded in the self-same tongue.  
My vision here ranged o'er th' unnumbered throng  
Now gathered in the amphitheater.  
There stood the Carthaginian Hannibal;  
He leaned upon that blood-stained sword which waved  
His legions o'er untraversed Alpine heights  
Before Mount Calvary drank atoning blood;  
There Alexander, who had wept because  
No other worlds remained to be subdued;  
And Khaled, merciless, whose Moslem blade  
Converted full two hundred thousand souls.  
Napoleon, the terror of the world,  
Whose prison walls, while captive on the earth,  
Did bound the arching canopy and lose  
Themselves beyond the far horizon, stood  
Encircled by his marshals and Old Guard.  
Lycurgus, who was taught by Plato, and  
Isocrates,—he who ordained the laws  
Which gave to Sparta her immortal fame;  
Pythagoras, who first the music of  
The spheres proclaimed; Bozzaris with his band  
Of Suliote warriors; Spartacus, the chief  
Of gladiators; La Fayette, the friend  
Of Freedom's temple risen in the West.  
Cromwell was there, surrounded by a host  
Of "Roundhead" followers; and Wellington,  
Who conquered on the plains of Waterloo.  
Moses, before whose rod the Red Sea waves  
Were piled, as if in adamantine walls,  
To let the sons of Israel pass through,  
Ere refruent, ingulfing Pharaoh's hosts.  
David, the Hebrew shepherd, bard, and king;  
Samson the strong, who on his shoulders bore

Alone the mighty gates of Gaza off;  
 And Solomon, the wisest king of eld,  
 Who reared the temple which the Son of God  
 Chose as the symbol of the corporate shrine  
 Of his incorporate Divinity.  
 There Sir John Franklin, who with reckless prow  
 Dashed 'mid the crystal, frozen, floating bergs  
 To find what flaming torches still relume  
 Th' Aurora Borealis in the North;  
 Confucius, Nathan, Solon, Socrates,  
 Justinian, Blackstone, Chitty, Story, Coke,  
 Prophets and seers of old-forgotten days,  
 With monarchs, heroes, warriors, and wise  
 Philosophers, and sages of all time,  
 Each by his satellites encircled round,  
 Sat watchful in that amphitheater.  
 Near by, with faces placid and serene,  
 Such as the brave and righteous ever wear,  
 The Signers of the Declaration stood;  
 And in their center, high enthroned in state,  
*Sat our immortal chieftain Washington!*  
 Leonidas, the Spartan patriot king,  
 With band of heroes, who the Persian hosts  
 Of Xerxes fought at famed Thermopylæ.

They fell devoted but undying;  
 The very gale their names seemed sighing;  
 The waters murmured of their name;  
 The woods were peopled with their fame;  
 The silent pillar, lone and grey,  
 Claimed kindred with their sacred clay;  
 Their spirits wrapp'd the dusky mountain;  
 Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;  
 The meanest rill, the mightiest river,  
 Rolled mingling with their fame forever.

Beside the Spartan band and with them one  
 In fellowship of glory, stood the band  
 Whose blood made Balaklava holy ground.

Stormed at with shot and shell  
 Boldly they rode and well;  
 Into the jaws of death,  
 Into the mouth of hell  
 Rode the six hundred.

In light of newer advent, but immersed  
 With them in baptism of fraternal death,—

Kindred with them in forlorn valor, stood  
The martyred few who with brave Custer fell.

Near by in light of ancient splendor stood  
Godlike Achilles with his Myrmidons,  
And glorions Hector, patriot chief of Troy,  
And by his side the fair Andromache ;  
There Argive Helen, by her primal lord,  
The valiant Menelaüs stood redeemed ;  
I turned to where great Dante stood, and asked  
What meant this host assembled from all climes ?  
Was this the temple of the gathered dead ?  
Did high and low, the evil and the good,  
Here mingle in eternal blessedness ?  
“ It cannot be the universe of Hell ;  
For but e’en now, in flight with all the gods  
Upon the Muses’ flowery chariot borne  
From high Olympus, I beheld far down  
Below the Milky Way on which did bound  
Th’ immortal steeds, the murky orb on fire.  
It cannot be thy Purgatory, for  
Nowhere do I behold the Trinal steps,  
With rock of flashing diamond bright, whereon  
God’s angel stood to guard the port which led  
Unto the Rocky Way. It cannot be  
Thy Paradise, for lo, thy Muse hath sung

None ever hath ascended to that realm,  
Who hath not a believer been in Christ,  
Either before or after the blest limbs  
Were nailed upon the wood.

And some, I know,  
Assembled here own not Messiah’s name.

Then Dante in a voice of love replied :

“ I seek a mount called Faith, whose summit shines  
In the clear atmosphere of truth above  
The clouds perpetually rolled in dark  
Obscuring volumes of high-colored wiles  
About its base, where wrestling mortals strive  
In Life’s fierce battle on the dusky plains.

Born in the region of diviner light  
Than gleams from pageantry of thronèd kings ;  
Loyal alone to the imperial sway  
Of Progress in the Right, monarch august,  
Before the thunder of whose conquering tread

The ancient realms of darkness, crumbling fall.  
 Eager to speed his onward march, and ban  
 The rolling volumes of delusive wiles  
 That hide the mount of Faith, I stand and gaze  
 Upon the mirrored life of centuries ;  
 And while I gaze, from out the wreck-strewn depths  
 I hear the voices of the ages speak : ”  
 ‘ In every empire of the world, the gems  
 Clapsed in the gold of royal diadems—  
 Set there by stolid craft of Prejudice,  
 Designed in Error’s gloomy studio,  
 And cut in light of Passion’s lurid glow—  
 Are tarnished with the blood of Sacrifice.’

Then I to Dante said : “ O, bard sublime ! how may I arise and conquer ? What shall the armor be ? ” And he, answering : “ What shall the armor be ? *Truth* ; truth in thought, in speech, in action ; truth to duty, to your fellows, yourself, and your God. The more nearly you approach to absolute truth the more nearly you will approach to absolute perfection. The end of learning is knowledge of truth, and the use of knowledge is excellence of action.

‘ If I were a voice, an immortal voice  
 That could travel the wide world through,  
 I would fly on the wings of the morning light  
 And speak to men with a gentle might  
 And tell them to be true.’

“ If truth in man is a gem of great price, truth in woman is a gem—above all price and the chief jewel of her crown.”

Then Dante Alighieri led me forth  
 That I might view the wondrous works of art  
 Which all the temple’s alcoves did adorn.  
 I joined the sapient train and onward moved  
 Through countless myriads congregated there  
 Until we reached the vast and glittering throne  
 Whereon immortal Shakspeare ever reigns.  
 Half hid in shining clouds Melpomene  
 Above the monarch hovered, scattering flowers  
 Whose perfume fell in torrents round his head.  
 Upon the panels of the eight-sided base  
 Whereon the throno was reared, Pygmalion  
 With his life-giving chisel had engraved  
 The living forms of Hamlet and King Lear,  
 Othello, Desdemona, and Macbeth,  
 Coriolanus, Shylock, Richard Third,  
 The Merry Wives of Windsor, Cymbeline,

The Royal Henrys, Falstaff, and King John,  
 Great Julius Cæsar, Brutus, Antony,  
 Midsummer Night's Dream's phantasies grotesque,  
 And Romeo, by the viewless cords of love,  
 Set with the seal of Death, to Juliet bound,  
 By the divine afflatus all relumed  
 With life and beauty, sentience, and strength,  
 They seemed, like sentries incorruptible  
 Standing upon the ramparts of his realm  
 To hold the ages to allegiance.

Proud monarch of the drama! In thy verse  
 Hath every phase of human passion found  
 A voice and eloquence of utterance.

There stood Cervantes, with the laurel crowned,  
 Token of his victorious crusade  
 Against the wind-mill giant—"Chivalry."  
 The youthful, austere Chatterton beside  
 Him reveled in the marvels of antique  
 Creations in the theater displayed,  
 Which neither high-born Walpole's cold distrust  
 Nor unrelenting poverty could blast;  
 Only immortal genius like his own  
*Such grand* immortal harmony could grasp.  
 Goldsmith and Gray were talking of the scenes  
 That won from each the thrilling voice of song;  
 In the "Deserted Village" one breathed out  
 A tender reminiscence of the past.  
 From vacant rooms the tenants had gone forth  
 And only left a shadow of their forms,  
 Only a lingering echo of their tread  
 To prompt the poet's singing memories;  
 But in their graves they found a deathless fame  
 In the sweet-flowing "Elegy" of Gray.  
 Racine and Corneille, of dramatic fame,  
 Were listening to some strangely wrought conceit  
 Of Goethe's wild imagination born.  
 Poe stood with melancholy face alone,  
 As if from off the bust of Pallas, still  
 He heard the black-plumed raven's "Nevermore."  
 The sweet-voiced Moore almost with envy heard  
 The wandering Exile's footsteps on the beach;  
 For Campbell's reaching Fancy had plucked forth  
 From Erin's Isle the choicest fruits of song.  
 Clay, Sumner, Webster, Thomas, and Calhoun

Round Stonewall Jackson and McPherson stood,  
 Discussing all Ambition's burning thirst,  
 Which only draughts of crimson blood can quench.

While Hawthorne listened to the bards' discourse,  
 Over against the Temple's eastern front  
 Through the dissolving mist, Benevolence  
 Beamed suddenly from forth the "GREAT STONE FACE!"  
 Beholding, all grew still,—inly convinced  
 That though they had the gift of prophecy,  
 And though they had all knowledge and all faith,  
 So that they could remove the mountains hence,  
 And had not charity, then they were nought.

As from his throne the monarch Shakspeare gazed  
 Upon the kindred bards that crowned him king,  
 Bending to listen to their speech, anon  
 Enriching by some aptly spoken word  
 Th' elaboration of their varied themes,  
 The Hebrew shepherd, hard and king approached.  
 Instinctively the reverent throng apart  
 Divided, that the Psalmist might pass through.  
 In Shakspeare's hand he placed the palm and crowned  
 Him with the laurel wreath. Then they conversed  
 Of Hebrew art, philosophy and song,  
 And of the myriad bards unknown to fame  
 (Since rose the Temple of Jerusalem)  
 Whose "Footprints on the sands of time" have left  
 The impress of the spirit of their age.

A wistful look of earnest interest  
 Upon the old King's royal visage beamed,  
 While Shakspeare thus the train of thought pursued:  
 "As by the fossil fauna late exhumed,  
 Or imprint of the palm or fern upon  
 Th' enduring rock, the skilled expert discerns  
 The climate and the kindred products of  
 Their sev'ral eras; so may we discern  
 From the still living fragments of old song  
 The spirit and the temper of the times.  
 When they were breathed, though millenary dust  
 Obscure the name and fame of them that breathed.  
 Thns shall the "Song of Hiawatha" show  
 To future ages the primeval race,  
 Though then extinct, which erst untutored roamed  
 Through pathless wildernesses in the west;  
 So shall the desolating tread of caste

On 'Aylmer's Field,' when progress shall have poured  
 Its Lethean billows on the pride of birth,  
 Raise from the dust the moldering skeleton  
 Of pompous rank by feudal bondage won.

The golden fancies and the pure, chaste style  
 That mark their verse, illumined by the fire  
 Of noble impulse blazing in its flow,  
 Have won for Longfellow and Tennyson,  
 Within the realm of the immortal bards,  
 A crown of honor and a robe of light  
 Which, for their advent, with a welcome wait."

As Shakspeare closed, the bards approving all,  
 Near by them Paganini woke the soul  
 Of melody in the sweet "Song of Gold."

In company with the sapient train  
 I onward mov'd enraptured by the scenes.  
 We passed by Aristotle, Socrates;  
 By Romulus and Remus, the twin-sons  
 Of Rhea Sylvia, by Mars begot;  
 By Alcibiades, Herodotus,  
 Demosthenes, Mazzini and Plutarch;  
 By Plato, Æsop, old philosophers,  
 Ancient historians and orators;  
 And the more modern sages, Audubon,  
 Agassiz, Franklin; and a thousand kings  
 And potentates whose fame the bards have sung.  
 Here Socrates and Plato held converse  
 Upon the wondrous beauty, majesty,  
 And fadeless scenes upon the burnished walls  
 Within the Theater of the Universe;  
 Then of that changeless law which holds its seat  
 In great Jehovah's bosom, and whose voice  
 Rings in the harmony that moves the world.  
 Here solitary walked great Constantine,  
 Th' imperial monarch, whose ambition gave  
 First legal basis to the Church of Rome;  
 There, Henry, son of Richmond, panoplied  
 In vestments of Pontific dignity  
 Usurped, stood as a monument of strength  
 Unbridled, and of passion unsubdued,—  
 Founder of English Catholicity:  
 Elizabeth, his daughter both by blood  
 And native character, beside him stood;  
 Near by, the cultured, beautiful, serene,

But fated Lady Jane, nine days a queen;  
 The giant Luther, great iconoclast,  
 By birth a rustic, but in strength a king,  
 Of dauntless valor and unbending will:  
 Ægisthus and false Clytemuestra, pale  
 And haggard, wandered still pursued  
 And haunted by Tisiphone, the blood  
 Avenger of King Agamemnon's death.  
 We reached the Temple of Fame, a monument  
 To Pope who wrought into a golden tongue  
 Great Homer's Iliad and Odyssey.  
 "The Eastern front was glorious to behold  
 With diamond flaming and barbaric gold."  
 Here Homer paused before these tributes, mute,  
 Paid by a modern bard to ancient song.  
 Clear flashed those scenes before the poets' gaze  
 By whom rehearsed long centuries ago:  
 As when to Dido's halls, Æneas came  
 A wandering fugitive from vanquished Troy,  
 Tossed on tempestuous seas by hostile winds,  
 And in her picture galleries beheld  
 Himself and comrades reproduced, and saw  
 Again the walls of Troy o'ertumed, himself  
 Escaping, Hector slain, Creusa lost,  
 By Libyan artist vividly portrayed.

Within the Temple of Fame, assembled throngs,  
 In rapt attention, gazed upon a stage  
 Where Kean, Macready and the elder Booth,  
 And many celebrated actors from  
 All ages and all climes, portrayed  
 The tragedy of Maximilian's fate.  
 I saw Europia's kings, from many of  
 Whose veins the blood of Maximilian flowed,  
 Intently gazing on the tragedy.  
 I heard the player in the Emperor's role  
 Soliloquize upon the omens thus:  
 "The lurid sky glowers ominous above,  
 As if the sun in anger frowned upon  
 The throne where erst his worshipers alone  
 Held sway: ere Cortez, with his armored few,  
 Forced with the sword, upon the Aztec realm,  
 The first faint glimm'rings of the source whence springs  
 The light which Montezuma worshiped in  
 The sun, nor knew of other source beyond.



Along the snowy Cordilleras' heights,  
 I see the fires of revolution glow :  
 Juarez with his Aztecs offers up  
 Oblations on their altars to the sun.  
 O! thou eternal God, great source of light,  
 Who didst th' anointed anciently endow  
 With grace, with wisdom, and with sovereign power,  
 Endow me with the wisdom to reign o'er  
 This wasted realm, by anarchy distraught ;  
 Or if the royal blood of Europe be  
 Not meet for the redemption of the state,  
 Grant that its sacrificial flow appease  
 The rage and desolation of revolt,  
 And bring the land of my adoption peace."  
 The next scene brought the melancholy rôle  
 Of the depressed Carlotta, seeing with  
 Prophetic vision harbingers of woe ;  
 I heard the player of the rôle thus speak :  
 " I cannot of its fears my mind divest,  
 Nor penetrate the gloom that gathers round.  
 Last night as I in slumber dreaming lay,  
 I saw the body of the Emperor  
 Encoffined ; and I heard the people shout—  
 Oh! how *they shouted!* 'He is murdered'—  
 Oh! coward heart, be still thy throbbing—*hark!*  
 What sound is that which breaks upon the night,  
 As if the very air were cracked and crumbling ?  
 Strange horrors now appall me, and I know  
 Not what to do or whither I must fly.  
 If there be fluids, as we know there are,  
 Which, conscious of the dreadful coming storm,  
 In their glass arteries shrink up, and strive  
 To hide themselves, may not the blood as well  
 Be conscious of the thirsty, unseen hand  
 That comes to let it flow, and in that hour  
 With icy coldness, back recede, and knock  
 For entrance at the doorways of the heart ?  
 'There is a tide in the affairs of men  
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,'  
 So Marcus Brutus said upon that night  
 Wherein his evil spirit did appear.  
 The flood of which he spake bore him unto  
 But bitter fortune on the bloody plains  
 Of Philippi. Perhaps the flooding tide  
 Whereon *he* is afloat may sweep *him* to

'That bourne from which no traveler returns.'  
 Hark! pealing, dirge-like, o'er the dark blue wave  
 The midnight bells are tolling for the brave:  
 Oh! God, 'tis done, my aching heart knows well,  
 Too well, the doom these throbbing pæans tell:  
 Black billows of despair upon me roll—  
 Affrighted reason quits my frantic soul."

\* \* \* \* \*

A sudden peal rang on the startled ear—  
 The WATCH of AGES tolled a nation's knell.  
 Then Dante Alighieri gazing in  
 The mist of ages gone, like one who sees,  
 As in a vision, suffering and sin,  
 Thus painted Desolation's cruel reign:

"The powers of earth are subject to decay;  
 They have their birth, their growth, their life and death.  
 As forest oaks are nourished by the mold  
 Of trees ancestral, perished and decayed,  
 So from the dust of crumbling empires spring  
 New empires, flourishing in strength of youth  
 Until imperial glory's noon is reached;  
 Then, at the heart corrupt, unsoen decline  
 Begins, and gnaws with silent teeth, until,  
 Outspreading, but a hollow shell remains;  
 When, as the oak whose days are numbered, rent  
 From its foundation by the tempest's breath,  
 Down, crashing 'mid the tender saplings, reels,  
 And scathes or crushes many in its fall,  
 So falls decaying empire's hollow shell;  
 And growing States, its shadow underneath,  
 Are startled at the sound. While some are bruised,  
 And some are crushed beneath the cumbrous weight,  
 Yet others send forth roots to pierce the mold,  
 And thrive upon the fallen state's decay.  
 Thus life is ever feeding upon death.

The length of days allotted to the tree  
 Of liberty is as the strength with which  
 Its roots are fixed within the people's hearts,  
 And as corruption's gnawing fangs are banned  
 From its own heart; as it is pruned  
 Of cumbrous branches and of surplus growth;  
 As cultured by untiring industry;  
 As warmed by sunbeams of intelligence,  
 And watered from the springs of charity.  
 Valor and Love should wed; their offspring, Faith

And Virtue, should be crowned with knowledge, and  
Endowed as guardians of Liberty.

Until the dawning of millennial morn ;  
While sin and passion throned the human heart ;  
While greedy avarice feeds on poverty ;  
While mad ambition drives his brazen car,  
Without remorse, o'er meek humility ;  
While lust, in conquest, honest love outspeeds ;  
While truth is fiction, falsehood, current coin ;  
While might makes right, and wrong in law is mailed ;  
While folly lures, and wisdom drives away ;  
While a great name is the ideal god,  
And the Great God but an ideal name,  
Shall mortal be the Tree of Liberty."

The voice of Dante died upon the ear  
As dies an ocean of rich melody,  
When waves of sound receding in the mist  
Are further—further borne away, till naught  
But echoes answering from the distant hills  
Vibrate declining in the eager ears ;  
Yet when the waves of sound have ceased, within  
The chambers of the soul, their sweetness still,  
Like some fond ling'ring spirit, waits to sing.

Now turning from the Temple we passed on  
To where famed Æschylus and Shelley 'tranced  
Th' Olympian gods with passages and scenes  
From the "Unbound Prometheus," while we paused  
To gaze upon the scene, the glance of Jove  
Standing supreme among th' Olympian gods,  
On Homer fell ; "Behold," he said, "the scribe  
Whose record teems with our immortal fame—  
His own imperishable monument.  
Though to his sightless eyes Aurora brought  
No radiance upspringing in the East,  
Yet through the open windows of his soul  
Calliope flew with her flaming torch  
To guide the flight of his immortal song.  
Green be th' ambrosial fields where walk his feet—  
Fadeless the aureola round his brow."  
Then fairer forms and faces gazed we on  
Where Joan of Arc and Sappho, the Tenth Muse,  
Clothed in celestial robes conversing walked.  
The Maid of Orleans, from her wings of flame,  
On which she flew to immortality,

Drew forth a fiery plume which Sappho took  
 To write in burning words the infamy  
 Of Warwick and Beauvais. Matrons and maids  
 Whose names shine forth like stars in history  
 Around them thronged ; Evangeline, the fair  
 Acadian maid, whose wandering feet pursued  
 Lost Gabriel no more ; fond Josephine,  
 The haughty monarch's loving bride cast off  
 At *his* resistless ruler's rude behest—  
 Volting Ambition's voice ; Roman Lucrece ;  
 Virginia ; the beauteous Capulet,  
 Whose heart o'erleaped hereditary hate,  
 Obedient to the thrilling voice of Love ;  
 Fair Isabella, queen of proud Castile  
 Who sacrificed her royal jewels on  
 The altar of Spanish marine research.  
 And Beatrice, Dante's youthful bride,  
 Wearing a crown immortal.

Passing thence,  
 Vast multitudes in endless trains moved on,  
 As if illimitable ages gone  
 Were passing in review their heritors.  
 I saw Lorenzo, the magnificent ;  
 And Tycho Brahe with Galileo  
 In converse on the rolling of the spheres.  
 The author of the " Christmas Carols " walked  
 With Burns, the Highlanders' beloved bard ;  
 Firdousa, famed bard of the Orient ;  
 Josephus, who transcribed his people's woes  
 In pay and interest of their conquerors ;  
 Albert, Victoria's well-beloved prince,  
 With Nelson, Perry, Farragut, and Foote ;  
 The daring Cushing, bravest of the brave ;  
 Mahomet, founder of the Moslem faith,  
 With Bunyan, Sophocles, and Rabelais  
 The doctrines of the Koran canvassing ;  
 Cassandra, too, with burning eloquence,  
 Portrayed to Lope de Vega the chagrin,  
 The pain, the sorrow of the fatal gift  
 Of prophecy unhonored, and of fate  
 Revealed, but unbelieved. She cried aloud :  
 " Alas ! they little knew the scenes of woe  
 That oft had made a fountain of mine eyes.  
 Their ears had never drunk the piercing shrieks

That to my ears forever had untuned  
 The melody of hearthstoue rhapsodies.  
 Their dreams had never pictured agonies  
 Which I had seen, and heard, and felt, and known.  
 The murderers of Agamemnon oft  
 Stand round me with their gibing taunts, as, when  
 Before the altar I became his bride,  
 I saw him seated at the banquet board  
 Amid his guests, and standing o'er them their  
 Assassins, ready for his victim each.  
 With fiendish malice, ever and anon,  
 They stop and glare, with horrid mien, at me.  
 Great God! I see them now; their red eyes glow  
 Like meteors in the canopy of hell;  
 Their breath is colder than boreal gales  
 Which sweep at midnight from the Arctic zone.  
 As died the accents of the Prophetess,  
 Behold, two stately and majestic forms  
 Walked arm in arm in earnest converse rapt.  
 One had unfolded a new world to view,  
 Sailing against a superstitious tide  
 Of ignorance into the unknown west.  
 The guerdon his ungrateful sovereign gave  
 Was ward and fetters in the dungeon's gloom.  
 The other in the might and majesty  
 Of sterling manhood on the New World's soil  
 The tree of Liberty had planted and  
 Matured against the pride, the opulence  
 And valor of Europia's chivalry:  
 Though born a slave, yet monarch in the sway  
 He bore o'er passion, prejudice and caste,  
 He won the richest province owned by France  
 From wasting anarchy and foreign foes,  
 And held it for th' imperial sovereign.  
 That sovereign's guerdon was starvation in  
 A dungeon.

O! Columbia, hide thy face  
 While the inventor and the savior of  
 Thy verdant sister in the sunny seas  
 Pass in their glory by.

When Ferdinand  
 And great Napoleon by the Lethean waves  
 Of Time and Progress shall be overwhelmed,  
 Their fame declining into infamy,  
 The names of Christopher Columbus and

Of Toussaint L'Ouverture shall live enshrined  
Within the hearts of Freedom's champions.

While yet I stood with soul absorbed in all  
I saw, great Dante cried, "Look thou upon  
The holy scenes that flash in splendor o'er  
Yon glitt'ring walls; there do the oracles  
Of God reveal what man is fain to know."

Like quivering moonbeams on a glassy sea,  
Or like the vivid lightning through rent clouds,  
Before the dreadful thunder's crash and roll,  
Immortal pictures flashed out on the scene.  
Had I the wealth of Dante's great conceit,  
Far-reaching to the bounds of mortal ken;  
Or tongue or pen whose eloquence surpassed  
Immortal Homer's rhapsodies, yet could  
I neither worthily conceive the scenes,  
Nor aptly utter or portray the gleams  
Historic and prophetic playing o'er,  
And flashing from the burnished diamond plates.

Here belched a thund'rous battle of the gods;  
There, fleeing phantoms, sped the wand'ring Jew;  
Where desolation swept the checkered scene  
Wept Zion's daughter o'er Jerusalem.  
Here bending o'er her first-born, mother-love  
With face irradiate, mantled o'er by flush  
Of joy, or settling in serene content;  
There meek-eyed Charity withdrew the veil,  
Disclosing Christ and her whom none condemned,  
Bade by her Saviour "Go and sin no more;"  
Here Jupiter with roses crowned, from high  
Olympus, drove the railing Momus forth;  
There Æsop through the shadowy forest roamed,  
In converse with all nature animate;  
The prophet Daniel, glory-crowned, whose faith  
Stamped calm serenity upon his brow,  
Whose godlike gaze, and heart with strings of steel  
O'erawed the raging lions in their den,  
And paralyzed their fanged but pulseless jaws;  
There the Madonna Di Foligno, wrought  
By Raphael of Urbino;—not the thin  
And unsubstantial canvas, deftly swept  
By mortal touch, with fading earthly hues,  
And only shadowy semblance of relief,

As borne upon the walls of Vatican ;  
 For earth-bound art vouchsafed to Raphaël  
 But murky reflex of conceptions grand  
 Of his immortal genius begot ;  
 But in the walls of this theatric hall,  
 Where execution might keep pace with thought,  
 Th' untrammelled hand of Raphael had eclipsed  
 Conception with the grace, the life, the breath,  
 The wondrous mingling of Divinity  
 With virgin purity and mother-love,  
 Transfiguring Madonna perfected ;  
 Here the Archangel Michael vanquishing  
 The Lord of Hell ; there Ananias led  
 To death with false Sapphira ; Moloch drunk  
 Upon the plains of Tophet with the blood  
 Of Innocents, by Herod's harsh decree  
 Destroyed ; the deluge overwhelming all  
 The world, through Heaven's opened windows down  
 By wrathful hand of great Jehovah poured :  
 Swift following came Leonardo's grand  
 Depiction of a Saviour's sacrifice ;  
 Christ on the verge of death, surrounded by  
 His followers who ate and drank his blood  
 And body ; fixed amazement sat upon  
 Their visages, while on his face serene  
 Calm resignation settled like a dove.  
 Wondrous twin pictures of Divinity !  
 Wrathful Jehovah drowning sin from earth,  
 And merciful Messiah saving man  
 From everlasting penalty of sin.  
 Then came the garden of Gethsemane :  
 The blood-red moon hung in the angry sky,  
 Betokening the morrow's bloody deeds.  
 To lurid heavens the Saviour raised his eyes  
 In agony of prayer. Great drops of blood  
 Oozed from his pallid face, while bending low  
 Beseeching that the cup of bitterness  
 Might pass, yet bowing to the Father's will.  
 Near by, Jerusalem with spires of gold,  
 The Fortress of Antonio upon  
 The rock beside the temple stood ; within  
 Was Pontius Pilate's judgment hall.  
 Upon Mount Zion, on the other side,  
 The palace of the Tetrarch Herod stood ;  
 And thither, 'mid a clamoring multitude,

Was Jesus borne for Herod to pronounce  
 Upon His guilt or innocence; then crowned  
 With thorns, and clothed in purple robes, with jeers  
 And mockings and revilings, He was led  
 Back to the court of Pilate for decree,  
 And Pilate wrote in Hebrew, Latin, Greek,  
 This accusation for the crucifix,—

“IESVS NAZARENVS REX IVDÆORVM.”

That vision passed, and lo! a sad-voiced train  
 Of singing pilgrims, breathing forth in strains,  
 As 'twere a well-tuned harp of sweet accord  
 Struck by the hand of grief, and quivering  
 Responsive to the spirit of the touch.  
 I listened with intensest eagerness,  
 And “*Miserere mei Deus*” heard  
 With strangely sweet, though sad, vibrations rise  
 Funebrious on the sympathetic air.

\* \* \* \* \*

As faded into air the lingering strains,  
 The crucifixion came swift-following,  
 And sudden darkness settled like a pall;—  
 As if the Holy Ghost, God's Robe of Light  
 Ineffable, in rayless, spotless folds  
 Lay waiting to enshroud him for the tomb.  
 Terrific earthquakes shook the blackened night;  
 The cleft rocks groaned with harshly grating sound;  
 Graves yawned, and from their hollow depths the dead  
 Walked forth in phosphorescent garments clad;  
 Horrific apparitions! man in form—  
 In substance only shining, spectral shades.  
 Thick gloom, despair, and blackest darkness reigned.  
 Then came the rent tomb, whence emergent walked  
 A risen and immortal God, in light  
 Unspeakable, and full of glory bathed.

The changing scenes brought next before our view  
 That grand and terribly magnificent  
 Portrayal of the final Judgment Day  
 By Michael Angelo, translated and  
 Transfigured. On the Great White Throne Christ sat,  
 And judged the world, by angels round engirt.  
 The seven angels with sev'n trumpets stood,  
 There on the left the fallen and the lost  
 Inheritors of deep damnation and



Of untried woes : Grief, terror, and despair  
 Froze on each visage like the ice of death.  
 Here were the rent rocks, there the opening graves,  
 And Minos passing sentence on the damned.

O! genius, that grasped the rainbow tints  
 And framed them into great Jehovah's praise.

Swift-coming pictures, countless as the stars  
 Of heaven, played upon the burnished walls.  
 Celestial visions ! how ye fled my grasp  
 Of touch and sight, as flitting sunbeams pass,  
 And only left a sparkle and a glint  
 Of your supernal glory darkling in  
 The lonely chambers of my memory!

Amazed, bewildered, and perplexed by all  
 I saw and heard, I turned once more and sought  
 From Dante inspirations crowning light.

"Behold," he said, "The Play of Destiny!"

Methought that Handel's grand Messiah rose,  
 And, like an ocean of rich melody,  
 In swelling billows of sweet concord rolled  
 Throughout the amphitheater's vast nave.  
 The curtain rose, and on the stage a choir  
 Of myriad white-winged angels stood.  
 A waving veil of shining vapor hung  
 Beyond the choir, translucent, liquid, through  
 Whose folds supernal light unceasing streamed,  
 And trenchant seraphim unrippling passed,  
 Careening in the light, the vap'rous veil  
 Exhaled harmonious hues responsive to  
 The concord of the oratorio  
 And pealing from ten thousand choristers,  
 Enrapturing alike the eye and ear,  
 As all the angels and archangels sang :

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and the  
**King** of Glory shall come in.

Who is the King of Glory?

The Lord strong and mighty : the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and the  
**King** of glory shall come in.

Who is the King of Glory?

The Lord of hosts ; He is the King of Glory.

*Chorus.*

"Hallelujah ! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

The kingdom of this world has become the kingdom of our Lord, and of His  
 Christ ; and He shall reign forever and ever ;

**King** of kings, and Lord of lords ; Hallelujah !"

As past in softest melody the last  
 Expiring note of that triumphal hymn,  
 The waving vap'rous veil dissolved, and lo!  
 A city of surpassing splendor lay  
 Before us, with its spires and pinnacles  
 All specked with gold; and flashing in the beams  
 Of supernatural light, uplifted high,  
 Shone many a cross of gold, that spoke  
 Of temples dedicated there to God.  
 The Rock of Ages in the city stood;  
 Upon the Rock of Ages founded, rose  
 A temple vast, transparent, strong, secure—  
 TEMPLE OF TRUTH, 'twas called—old as the cross  
 On Calvary's heights.

Diana's Temple built

At Ephesus, a tribute from the hearths  
 And homes, the willing hearts and ready hands  
 Devoted to the goddess chaste, whose ward  
 Preserved home altars 'gainst marauding lust;  
 Ionic columns, Parian marble jets,  
 Green jasper walls, cut and embellished by  
 Etruscan, Doric, and Romanic art,  
 Where Mongols, Greeks, and Romans sacrificed  
 In worship of their favorite deity;  
 Saint Peter's Church at Rome, most ancient and  
 Magnificent cathedral, reared above  
 The hallowed ground where, moldering, repose  
 The sacred ashes of the martyred saint.  
 Four score and ten years from the Saviour's birth  
 The Bishop Anacletus memorized  
 The spot of his great predecessor's tomb  
 By building up an oratory there.  
 Two centuries more and sixteen years passed by  
 And Constantine, the Roman Emperor,  
 Built a basilica above the tomb.  
 When other gliding centuries had lapsed,  
 The modern masters of Italian art  
 Upreared and wondrously adorned the grand  
 Cathedral, now the glory, peerless pride,  
 The matchless structure of the modern world.

Not Dian's twice-built dome at Ephesus,  
 Whose very site Time's blinding dust hath hid;  
 Not Rome's cathedral, heavenward pillared high,  
 Like arch of glory raised above the tomb

Of saint low slumbering in the earth beneath ;  
 Not these combined with all the trophies won  
 By earthly art could with Truth's Temple vie.  
 In length or breadth, in loftiness or depth,  
 In beauty, grandeur or sublimity.  
 Twelve lofty towers 'bove reach of mortal skill  
 Gleamed in th' eternal beams white as the snow ;  
 Seven fronts wide as a mountain ranged,  
 Whose pointed gables tapered 'mid the stars,  
 In arabesque wrought by immortal touch ;  
 Rich pillared balconies of purest gold  
 Environed all the Temple's vast extent.  
 Tho' holy Temple bore upon each front  
 In blood-red letters the divine command,  
 By John the Baptist preached, saying " Repent  
 Ye for Heaven's kingdom is at hand."  
 Sev'n avenues into the Temple led  
 Symbolic of sev'n ages of mankind ;  
 And branching from these avenues, like roots  
 Of giant trees, were many thoroughfares,  
 By countless bands of advent pilgrims thronged,  
 From many sep'rate kingdoms of the earth.

The Arch of Triumph crowned my entrance-way ;  
 And there an angel stood with holy book,  
 In which each advent must record his name,  
 From whence he came, and whither bound, belief,  
 And what he seeks to do and what to know.  
 Therein my name, "Phantasmagoria,"  
 I wrote ; and whence I came, the "Mortal World,"  
 And whither bound—the Great White Throne of God ;  
 My creed, that "God the Father made the world,  
 And me, that God the Son did me redeem  
 And all mankind, that God, the Holy Ghost,  
 Me sanctified and all the people of God ;"  
 "ARISE AND CONQUER," what I sought to do,  
 And what I sought to know, "should I, by Grace  
 Divine, inherit life eternal ?"

Then

The angel pointing toward the Temple, said  
 "Go ask and unto thee it shall be giv'n,  
 Go seek and thou shalt find, knock, and it shall  
 Be opened unto thee. The Temple now  
 Approach with trust in God and faith supreme."

Within the Temple's courts were crystal streams  
 That wound meandering over silv'ry beds ;

And sparkling fountains cast their spray aloft,  
 To float in air like beauteous showers of pearl.  
 Seven angels at seven golden gateways sat,  
 Each on a massive throne, from blood-stone carved,  
 To warn the people of seven "mortal sins,"  
 And terrors of the Hall of Eblis, in  
 Whose dark saloons and gloomy corridors,  
 Forever wander with their hearts of fire  
 Sin's shallow devotees.

The archway o'er

The entrance to the inner courts was called  
 The "ARCH OF ECCE HOMO," from the dark,  
 Grim masonry at Pontius Pilate's gates,  
 'Neath which our Saviour, crowned with thorns, and clad  
 In purple mockery of royal garb,  
 Was led by Pilate to the raging crowd,  
 To whom he "Ecce homo" cried, "Behold  
 The man," and thus to death delivered him.

Engraved upon the curving arch appeared  
 The new commandments, by our Saviour given  
 Unto the lawyer of the Pharisees,  
 Who, seeking to entrap or tempt Him, asked,  
 "Which is the great commandment in the law?"  
 And Jesus answer'ing said unto him, "Thou  
 Shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart  
 And all thy mind, and all thy soul: this is  
 The first and great commandment in the law:  
 The next is like unto it; thou shalt love  
 Thy neighbor as thyself. Upon these two  
 Commandments all the law and prophets hang."

Uprising in the temple's very walls  
 This arch stood forth as a remembrancer,  
 That they must pass beneath the yoke of scorn,  
 And tread the vale of deep humility,  
 And bear the cross, who would at length, like Christ,  
 ARISE AND CONQUER with the sword of Truth.

Within that temple, Lo! I saw reared up,  
 In color like to sun-illuminated gold,  
 A ladder stretching to high Heaven from earth,  
 With countless rounds that flashed like bars of gold.  
 It from the Rock of Ages glittering sprang;  
 And nearest Heaven the ten golden rounds  
 Did symbolize the Ten Commandments given  
 By God, to man, from Sinai's sacred top.  
 Above each round the cross of Calvary shone,

On which, in figure fadeless and revered,  
 The blood-traced letters **I H S** appeared.  
 From the first round a voice spake forth these words :  
 "I am the Lord thy God, and thou shalt have  
 No other Gods but me." Each one of those  
 Ten rounds spake forth accordant with its rôle.  
 Above the fifth, commanding every man  
 "Honor thy father and thy mother, that  
 Thy days may be long in the land," stood, with  
 A flaming two-edged sword, the angel Death.

I saw the ladder flooded with a light  
 Ineffable, and countless seraphim,  
 In radiant armor and apparel clad,  
 Ascend and descend on the shining rounds,  
 And bid the poor in spirit and the pure  
 In heart, the meek, the lowly and reviled,  
**ARISE AND CONQUER** in the Saviour's name.  
 For has he not to all his people said,  
 "Lo! unto him that *overcometh* will  
 I give to eat the Tree of Life, which is  
 The midst of the Paradise of God."

Above the topmost round Sandalphon stood—  
 Angel of prayer—petitions to receive  
 From contrite hearts, and bear them up unto  
 The Great White Throne and Him that sat on it.  
 I heard the dying with a loud voice cry,  
 As through the dark and shadowy vale of death  
 They passed, "O Lord, have mercy upon us."  
 These dying prayers I saw Sandalphon catch.  
 His hands transformed them to immortal bloom,  
 And bore their fragrance of devotion up  
 In viewless volumes to the Throne of God,  
 At whose decree the meek petitioners  
 Were set as stars within His firmament.

They who approach Truth's Temple doors, and would  
 The shining stairway climb within, must cull  
 Some typic armor out and put it on ;  
 For otherwise they might not dare attempt  
 To tread the upward-leading golden steps.  
 The armors in that temple's vestibules,  
 With quaint designs, rare workmanship ornate,  
 Bore each its own exponent and intent,  
 And chief among them hung the **BLOOD-RED CROSS**.  
 There was the armor which Bohemian Huss

Wore, when around him rolled the fires of Hell ;  
 He who, while dying at the stake, exclaimed,  
 " The fire which you are kindling up this day  
 Will light all Europe ! " God ! whose smile divine  
 All Paradise with glory floods, whose frown  
 Like a thick pall of darkness lowers above  
 The overarching canopy of Hell,  
 Thy spirit did sink deep down in his heart,  
 Kindling a quenchless fire, which yet shall burn  
 Throughout the generations yet to come.

There too the blood-stained armor hung which proved  
 A shield and buckler to the mighty heart  
 Of Christian striving with Apollyon,  
 Like unto Christian's but with clearer light,  
 Shone forth the robe of deep humility,  
 Which wrapped the thief upon the cross, and bore  
 Him, that day, into Paradise with Christ.

God grant that, when the Judgment day shall come,  
 I may in armor of humility,  
 Like Christian, or the dying thief, upon  
 The golden stairs, ARISE AND CONQUER, too.

The sours of earth thronged in vast multitudes  
 Around the Rock of Ages, pressing on  
 To gain admittance through the vestibules,  
 And climb the shining ladder to the skies,  
 Many bowed down in supplicating prayer  
 Invoked the blood of Christ, the Son of God ;  
 And thousands marching onward, glorified  
 Jesus in that impassioned hymn of faith  
 Whose harmony celestial ever rolls.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee ;  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From Thy side, a healing flood,  
 Be of sin the double cure,  
 Save from wrath and make me pure.

Should my teare forever flow  
 Should my zeal no languor know,  
 This for sin could not atone ;  
 Thou must save, and Thou alone ;  
 In my hand no price I bring,  
 Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When mine eyelids close in death,  
 When I rise to worlds unknown

And behold Thee on Thy throne,  
 Rock of Ages oleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

\* \* \* \* \*

Within the temple many courts appeared  
 With ornature of every land, but each  
 Transparent as fine glass, and each did lead  
 Unto the sacred way, bathed with the light  
 Of Paradise. Within each court I saw  
 The armor of the Blood-Red Cross, wherein  
 The sons and daughters of the earth might RISE  
 AND CONQUER at the judgment-day.

Upon  
 The margin of each court, a liquid wall,  
 As 'twere a polished mirror rose, whose depths  
 Were set with scenes imperishably wrought  
 From marble or from ivory, by some  
 Immortal sculptor in his studio  
 Celestial, by whose art omnipotent  
 The flame of life flashed from the eyes, blushed on  
 The cheeks, and quivered in the lips of stone.  
 The forms seemed sentient and the fields of green,  
 The golden streets, and gorgeous palaces,  
 With domes of silver, pinnacles of light,  
 Beneath a diamond-studded canopy,  
 All shimmering in light ineffable,  
 Mocked vivid nature by the semblance of  
 More vivid life in animated stone.  
 Yet in those mirrors by th' eternal fixed,  
 Eternal, changeless, ineffaceable,  
 These scenes reflected on the bordered courts  
 Their own conceptions of eternal life,  
 The essence and the grounds of faith, the rites  
 To be performed to gain the central court  
 Whence springs the golden ladder to the skies.

Here, bending from the sky Madonna reached  
 Her mediate hand to lead her orators;  
 While bands of virgin devotees, and priests  
 In gold and purple robes, perpetuate  
 Upon their sacred altars taper lights  
 First by the ancient fathers kindled on  
 Their altars in the Roman Catacombs;  
 There, flowed a type of Jordan on whose banks  
 A multitude of worshipers attend,  
 While in the current stands a penitent  
 Led by the priest to wash his guilt away;

Here, in a forest, 'neath the canvas spread,  
 By glimmering torch-light, thousands worshipping,  
 While from the mirror's tell-tale depths is heard  
 An echo of resounding jubilee ;  
 There, staid and void of ceremony, stand  
 Unkneeling, unimpulsive, worshipers  
 As if fulfilling their immutable,  
 Eternal destiny, eternal fixed ;  
 Here, saints bowed down before the Great White Throne,  
 In endless anthems chant Jehovah's praise ;  
 Here, mid celestial mansions seraphs walk  
 On golden pavements, shining in the light  
 And glory of the Son and Holy Ghost ;  
 There, sailing on their gorgeous wings, come bands  
 Of singing angels with their golden harps.  
 Within an ancient court whose avenue  
 Led to the Temple of Jerusalem,  
 I saw a gleaming light whose radiant shafts  
 Rose luminous around the letter



On the Mosaic pavement of that court  
 Whoever walked, bore on his face the light  
 Of knowledge unrevealed save in what beams  
 Of light that mystic symbol is enshrined.  
 I turned from this mysterious court and gazed  
 Again upon the Ladder of Light which from  
 The Rock of Ages sprang, and lo ! I saw  
 Three shining rounds 'bove all I saw before,  
 Rising in order, FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY.

One court still higher in antiquity  
 Appeared. Within its mirrored walls arose  
 The fragrant incense of burnt offerings,  
 The flaming bush, and Sinai's thunderings.  
 But they who walked the pavements of this court  
 Had shut the entrance to the Central Court  
 And barred it with the cross. Irresolute  
 Their hosts were strewn 'mid all the avenues—  
 A nation without country, scattered wide—  
 A principality without a prince.



A mirrored wall, its own distinctive scenes  
Reflects upon the multitudes that throng  
Each court, all trending toward the central court.

Amid th' approaches leading up to these  
Now gazing, I beheld thronged avenues  
Extending far in tortuous windings, sprung  
From chaos and in chaos vapishing,  
Approaching near, but entering never in  
The central court whence rose the golden steps.  
Where'er they crossed the pathway to the straight  
And narrow courts, the pavement stones were marked  
With crimson stains and blanching skeletons.  
Upon the mirrored walls that rose along  
These avenues, I saw distinctive scenes  
Which marked the faith, the hopes and destinies  
Of the innumerable hosts that to  
And fro were marching on the broad highways.  
Here, rolled the car of Juggernaut, and there,  
Flamed up the Hindoo widow's funeral pyre;

The mirrored walls about the central court  
No gorgeous insignia bore: simply  
A cross,—token of sorrow, sacrifice  
And death, price of redeeming love: above  
A manger shone the Star of Bethlehem,—  
Heaven's signal heralding a Saviour's birth;  
Jehovah out of chaos forming worlds,  
And all illumined by the Holy Ghost:  
Creative Majesty, Redeeming Love,  
And Sanctifying Spirit, Trinal Beams  
Merged in one God omnipotent.

Within,

The Holy of Holies, the common source  
And end, the central court and throbbing heart  
Whence life and action thrilled the branching courts,  
Was circled by celestial seraphim.  
"Faces had they of flame and wings of gold."  
Lo! from the empyrean fell a shining cloud,  
And hovered like a coronal above  
The surging masses in the vales below,  
As in the summer night, above the vale  
Of Chamouni, a silver-fringed cloud  
Oft hides the moon whose argent glory still  
The fickle cloud reflects, then breaks, and 'twixt  
The rifted edges shines the full, round moon  
In mellow splendor on the beauteous vale;

So broke the shining coronal of cloud  
 Above the Rock of Ages hovering,  
 And through the rift a radiant angel's face  
 Shone on the thronging multitude beneath.  
 Whence came down-floating on the heav'n-born breeze  
 Seraphic symphonies, whose blending strains  
 Recalled lost Eden's primal melodies.  
 Each rapturously sweet refrain with prayers  
 And praises of th' assembled angels teemed.  
 Oh! with what soul-ingulfing ecstasy  
 Rolled forth the notes of that triumphal hymn—

O, realms of the faded  
 Past, glimm'ring and shaded,  
 That roll in the mists of the vanishing eld;  
 The temples ye cherished  
 Are crumbled and perished  
 By Time's surging billows that over them swelled.

Before the dark river  
 Submerges forever  
 The jewels and gems that embellished your youth,  
 From out your deep azure  
 Yield up ev'ry treasure  
 To glow in the sanctified Temple of Truth.

Here martyrdoms olden,  
 That witnessed the golden  
 Faith binding the sacrificed saints to their pyres,  
 Shall glitter hereafter  
 In every bright rafter,  
 And ring in the anthems of seraphic choirs.

Here corridors ample,  
 Where myriads trample  
 On pavements of crystal, of jasper, and gold,  
 Are bright with the garlands  
 And trophies from far lands,  
 Which tell of the heroes and conquests of old.

Here idols and sages  
 From realms of all ages  
 Pass under the test of Truth's wonderful rays,  
 Like glittering treasure  
 Disclosing its measure  
 Of gold and of dross in the furnace's blaze.

The splendors adorning  
 The first rosy morning,  
 When infant worlds sprang out of chaos and night,  
 Here blend with the shining  
 Of time's last declining,  
 In many-hued glittering haloes of light.

Lo! here is the portal  
 Which leads to immortal  
 Bliss, after life's seeming cold shadows of love;  
 The TRUTH is the burden  
 And price of the guerdon  
 Of entrance and flight to the regions above.

Let all the high arches  
 Resound to the marches  
 Of ages and spheres that are rolling along;  
 Ring out, ye loud pæans,  
 From æons to æons  
 Till shakes the high dome with the thunder of song.

Through the bright drapery environing  
 The crystal gates of Heaven flashed the New  
 Jerusalem, by angels circled round,  
 Bathed in supremest fulgency, the sole,  
 First, last, and utmost fount of radiance,  
 Whence all the gleaming glories hitherward  
 Passed through, were only borrowed glimmerings—  
 The source and end of all eternity.

The city of the New Jerusalem  
 Of equal length and breadth and height, prepared  
 By God for his redeemed of every age,  
 Adorned, as for her husband, a young bride,  
 Was like fine gold, transparent as pure glass.  
 The walls of jasper clear as crystal shone.  
 In each of the four walls three sev'ral gates,  
 Each gate one pearl, white gleaming as the snow.  
 An angel stood at each of the twelve gates,  
 On each of which appeared inscribed the name  
 Of each of the twelve tribes of Israel.  
 The walls had twelve foundations, and in them  
 The names of twelve Apostles of the Lamb;  
 And the foundation stones were garnished o'er  
 With sparkling gems, and every precious stone;  
 The first foundation was a jasper stone;  
 The second sapphire; chalcedony, third;  
 The fourth a single pale-green emerald;

The fifth, sardonyx ; sardius, the sixth ;  
 The seventh, chrysolite ; beryl, the eighth ;  
 A topaz, ninth ; and chrysoprasus tenth ;  
 Th' eleventh was a jacinth, and the twelfth,  
 An amethyst, red as the sparkling wine.

I saw no builded temple there reared up,  
 For the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb  
 Were there the temple. And the city had  
 No need of sun or moon to shine in it ;  
 God's glory and the Lamb were light thereof.  
 The gates of it shall not be shut at all  
 By day : and there shall be no night therein.  
 Proceeding from the throne of God and of  
 The Lamb, a river of pure water flowed,  
 Life-giving, crystal clear ; and in the midst,  
 And upon either side, the tree of life,  
 Which bare twelve fruits, and yielded every month :  
 For healing of the nations were the leaves.  
 There no more curse shall be ; but throne of God  
 And of the Lamb, whose servants shall serve Him ;  
 And they shall see His face and bear His name.

A massive, snow-white cloud, in volume rolled,  
 Transfused with unimaginable light,  
 To adamant hardness crystallized,  
 Rose midway in the golden avenue :  
 The radiate scintillations, flashing back  
 From floods of light upon the crystal pile,  
 In intertwining and unnumbered threads,  
 Seemed, as it were, a woven drapery,  
 That like a shining mist eternal hung  
 In shimmering folds about the gleaming mound.  
 The everlasting throne its summit crowned,  
 Whence waves the scepter of the universe.  
 The throne gleamed whiter, brighter, tenfold than  
 Its base of crystal cloud ; and He that sat  
 On it was clothed with MAJESTY and LIGHT :  
 Monarch supreme on His eternal throne !

With Him incorp'rate and inseparate  
 His garments, Light and Majesty appeared.  
 His ROBE of LIGHT, surpassingly intense,  
 Pervading, flooding boundless space, around,  
 Beneath, with beams of glory matchless and  
 Ineffable, whereof th' immortal souls

Of men are but as sparks ephemeral,—  
 The source eternal of eternal light,—  
 With shining undulations, first illumed  
 The Great White Throne upon the crystal cloud,—  
 Thence shone throughout the New Jerusalem,—  
 Whence radiant, all the universe reflects  
 The fineless, matchless, and perpetual glow.

The HOLY GHOST wrapp'd great Jehovah on  
 His throne, for He had put His SPIRIT as  
 A garment on.

#### His ROBE of MAJESTY

Was power creative, through whose exercise  
 Jehovah is, and all created things ;—  
 FATHER almighty, and supreme, whose breath  
 Is tempest, whirlwind, motion, life, and death :  
 Creator, mover and preserver of  
 The countless orbs that roll in boundless space,  
 Christ said, when on earth, " I have not yet  
 Put on my Father," prophesying that  
 Returned unto the throne imperial  
 Within the New Jerusalem, He would  
 Resume the ROBE OF MAJESTY supreme.

Now on the central Great White Throne high raised,  
 Clothed with supernal light,—the Holy Ghost,—  
 Invested with primeval Majesty,—  
 Oh ! holy, blessed, glorious Trinity,  
 Three Persons and one God ! to whom, in mute,  
 Involuntary adoration bow  
 All things create, in Heaven and on earth.

The colors of the rainbow, blending, played  
 In ever-changing pictures through the air ;  
 Elysian fields the far horizon swept  
 'Twixt summits mingling with the ether dim ;  
 The lofty domes and towers on either hand,  
 High as the mountain pinnacles of earth,  
 Seemed piled in grandeur by the Hand, that in  
 Their orbits rolls the everlasting spheres.  
 Through crystal windows I beheld bright eyes  
 Of angels winged and draperied for flight ;  
 Then through the open casements saw them flit,  
 Light as the thistle-down on Summer's breeze ;  
 Sweet odors from celestial gardens breathed,  
 And strains seraphic filled the mellow air.

Behold upon the golden avenue,  
Two chernbim came leading like a child  
A fallen chieftain tow'rd the Great White Throne.

'Pure was thy life; its bloody close  
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,  
Among the noble host of those  
Who perished in the cause of right.'

Emerging from the struggling multitude  
Around the Rock of Ages pressing on  
To gain admittance through the vestibules.  
Lo! one of mien extraordinary came,  
His eye and brow the counterpart of Jove.  
He moved through waves of sempiternal light  
Which from the Rock of Ages rolled in floods  
A prince of men! His every action seemed  
To lift him up, as if above the clouds  
His normal and congenial theater lay.  
I saw him enter at the vestibule,  
And upward mount in blazing armor cased.  
Upon the ample folds that wrapp'd him round  
Was many a gorgeous device enwrought  
From music, painting, sculpture, poesy;  
But chiefly from dramatic eloquence.  
The colors blending gave a beauty, strength,  
And almost a divinity, as if  
From personating kings on earth below.  
Triumphant now he would ascend on high  
To bear Jehovah's semblance in the sky.

His gleaming armor seemed invulnerable;  
But nowhere could I see the Blood Red Cross.  
In place of it I saw a human heart  
On which the startling emblem, "TEKEL," glared.  
He grasps the Heaven-reaching ladder now,  
Imparadised with angels' breath, and mounts  
The golden rounds that lift him toward the skies.  
Far upward now, where all discordant sounds  
Of earth are lost or blent in harmony.  
Celestial music bursts upon his ear  
From hosts seraphic, round the Great White Throne.  
No barrier meets him as he soars aloft  
Until he nears the round on which gleams out  
That changeless mandate from th' eternal God—  
"THOU SHALT NOT KILL!"

No hand that hath been stained

By brother's blood, may grasp that holy bar.  
 His palsied hand springs backward as he strives—  
 Pale horror on his Jove-like features spreads—  
 He turns in terror from his God's command ;  
 And, falling headlong from the dizzy height,  
 Like Phaëton, son of Phœbus, when struck off  
 The Sun god's golden chariot by the bolt  
 Shot from the hand of thunder-hurling Jove,  
 Is lost beneath the murky clouds below.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then through all Paradise resounding rose  
 Entrancing strains of melody ; first low,  
 Then higher, with increasing swell, until  
 From New Jerusalem, with mighty waves  
 Of music thrilled, a glorious volume rolled  
 To mingle with the music of the spheres.  
 Then following, as when a prelude ends,  
 Unto th' immortal harmony attuned,  
 A myriad angels and archangels raised  
 With cherubim and seraphim, in full  
 Accord, the *Te Deum Laudamus*.

"We praise thee, O God ; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.  
 All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting."

Oh ! grandest of all anthems ! passing sweet !  
 The very winds seemed thrilled and resonant  
 With air and words harmoniously blent ;  
 Now rising like the billowy ocean's swell,  
 And then receding like its ebbing tide ;  
 Expelling from the chambers of the soul  
 All lurking ghosts of Hell-begot desires ;  
 Subduing all the passions of the man ;  
 Rebuking the perturbed spirit with  
 Assuaging grace of præternatural peace,  
 The mind ennobling, making strong the heart,  
 Till each, who heard the soul-entrancing strains,  
 Resolved " I will **ARISE AND CONQUER** too."

\* \* \* \* \*

O'er all the scene a mighty curtain fell,  
 This curtain measureless in breadth and height.  
 Trailing the shores of immortality,  
 Athwart the boundless universe of space  
 Depends betwixt eternity and time.  
 High-arched upon its shining field appeared  
 An azure dome, studded with stars, where shone  
 The glorious sun in golden splendor, and

In argent softness the reflecting moon.  
 The golden sun, the moon, and twinkling stars  
 Were only scintillations flashing from  
 The Great White Throne whereon Jehovah reigns.

#### VALEDICTORY.

Phantasmagoria, daughter of the West,  
 Thou virgin child of fair Columbia! lured  
 By holy passion for the Spirit of Good  
 That woo'd thee willing on the dusky plains,  
 Thou didst conceive, in spite of low'ring clouds,  
 The grand design of making straight the paths  
 Leading from darkness of Delusion's wiles  
 To the immortal light of Faith and Truth.  
 By Mercy guided towards thy destiny,  
 Thy feet have trod upon the shining way,  
 And with the princes and immortal gods  
 Of ancient ages thou hast walked beyond  
 The confines of mortality, amid  
 The streets and temples of eternity.  
 True to thy birthright, 'mid the dazzling gleam  
 Of more than royal splendor, thou hast ne'er  
 Forgot thy mission—to illumine the paths  
 By which we may **ARISE AND CONQUER**.  
 The germinating rays of wondrous light  
 In which thy pilgrimage has been baptized  
 Have giv'n to thy divine conception birth.  
 The clouds lift from the Mount of Faith, and through  
 The rifted veil glimmers the light of Truth.  
 From high Olympus to the Golden Star  
 I followed thine ærial journeyings,  
 And from beyond the shining portals flashed  
 Some glimmerings of wisdom on my soul.  
 Upon the fields of duty where I march,  
 May some effulgent droppings ever fall,  
 Kindling a flame of that ethereal fire  
 Which burns in moral heroism and warms  
 The heart to charity and quenchless zeal  
 In all that elevates humanity.  
 Phantasmagoria, farewell: I leave  
 Thee now to nurse thy offspring in the beams  
 That never fade, and warmth that never chills.

**AMEN.**





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